

1	1	1	1	1
inch \$ 75	1.25	2.00	3.00	6.00
inch 1.25	2.00	3.25	5.00	10.00
inch 1.75	2.50	4.00	7.50	15.00
inch 2.25	3.00	5.00	12.00	22.00
inch 2.75	4.25	7.00	12.50	26.00
inch 4.00	6.00	10.50	15.00	30.00
inch 9.00	12.00	18.00	25.00	45.00

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BAXTER & CHILD,

Attorneys at Law

CHASKA MINN.

L. BAXTER. H. A. CHILD.

J. W. ARCTANDER,

Attorney at Law.

Brackets Block, Rooms 6 & 7,

MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA,

has opened a Branch office in Chaska, with Judge Sargent, where he can be found every Saturday.

DEUTSCH WIRD (ESPROCHEN).

HR. ARCTANDER ER SVENS ADOVAT.

DR. J. S. RICHARDSON

ECLECTIC,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OMAHA MINN.

OFFICE OPENS THE OLD CAFE COUNTRY.

Offers his services to the surrounding country, and is prepared to treat thoroughly all chronic diseases—Especially Liver and Lung diseases.

A. C. LASSEN.

Notary Public.

WACONIA MINN.

Will acknowledge and make out Deeds, Mortgages &c, at all times. Charges reasonable.

W. SCHMITT.

FRED RICHER.

SCHMIDT and RICHTER.

PORTERS & WHOLESALE

DEALERS IN

WINES & LIQUORS.

NO. 17 & 19, Sibley St.

ST. PAUL MINN.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1855.

FINCK & THEOBALD.

Wholesale Dealer in

Liquors & Wines,

Direct Importers of

RHINE WINES,

271 Third St., between Exchange and Eagle Streets.

ST. PAUL MINN.

J. C. OSWALD.

Wholesale Dealer in

Bourbon and Rye Whiskey, Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars.

No. 110 Opera House,

MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

HILL GRIGGS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Wood & Coal

[ST. PAUL MINN.]

We have on hand the largest and best

FUEL

Ever offered for sale in the city, at prices

DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN MATHEIS,

CARPET

HOUSE.

Carpets!

Wall Papers and Window Shades,

Damask, Lace and Muslin

Curtains.

To the trade throughout the State,

we can furnish Goods in our line cheap

or than ever before offered by any house

in the state.

—Saleroom No. 44 and 46 W. Third

Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Fletcher, Loring & Eyre

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS

CLOTHING, &c.

—Masonic Block, Nicollet Avenue, op-

posite the Post Office. Oldest House and

largest stock in the city.

Minneapolis Marble Works

N. HERRICK & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES &c.

Stor of NICOLY ST. Between, 3d & 4th Sts.

Block delivered and set up by one of the

Chaska or C ves with ex.

The Weekly Valley Herald.

A. L. DU TOIT & CO., Proprietors.

VOLUME 13

CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, JULY 1

TERMS, \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

NUMBER 45

The Valley Herald

Official County Paper.



A. L. DU TOIT, Publisher.

H. A. CHILD, Editor.

The Situation.

The convention called to meet in St. Paul on the 7th day of July next will be more important than any that has convened in this state for many years. It will determine by its action, whether the different elements of opposition which have for the past few years acted unitedly against the Republican party, are to remain under the same banner, or be divided into two or more distinct organizations, acting independently of each other.

While it may well be doubted whether the Democratic party acted wisely two years ago in making no nomination, it done so, and in a body supported the candidates, and endorsed the platform, of the Owatonna convention of that year. Their course was approved by the Democratic Liberal convention last year, and the different factions consolidated into one party; and the Legislature of last winter the Democrats, Liberal, and Anti-monopolists acted together as one organization. It is very plain then, that the democratic party of Minnesota has become so thoroughly committed to this new party as to almost lose its identity as a party. Such being the case it would be a fatal blunder to attempt at this late day, to separate themselves from the new organization.

It is too late to turn back. The convention should therefore, by a conservative and prudent course, put such candidates into the field and adopt such a platform as will satisfy the masses of the Opposition and disarm the dissatisfied leaders, who now seem determined to divide and destroy the present organization.

The convention should have the following results: All the members of the party, who have not yet done so, should be called to meet in St. Paul on the 7th day of July next, and be divided into two or more distinct organizations, acting independently of each other.

The village of Kasson, Dodge county, offers two acres of land within a mile of town to ensure the building of the prison in that locality.

The supervisors of the town of Ottawa in Le Sueur county, offer to donate all the land the Commission may deem necessary.

The village of Albert Lea, Freeborn county, offer to donate 20 acres of land near that village.

F. R. Delano submits two propositions to the committee: He gives them the choice of two tracts—of 40 acres on which is a granite quarry, through which or on the side of which runs the branch line of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, and which tract is situated one mile east of East St. Cloud, department of the other 20 acres of land in the town of Sauk Rapids.

The committee after considering the various applications, however, came to no conclusion and adjourned subject to the call of the Governor.

Taken in and Done For.

A Norwegian named Ingelbert Frey, residing in Pilot Mound township, Fillmore county, recently committed suicide by hanging. He had lately married a widow with four children, who, it is said, managed to wheedle him out of a sum of all his property and then promptly told him to get out. This he did in the manner above described.

Terrible Storm in Hungary—Great Loss of Life.

A fearful storm passed over Buda, Hungary, Monday the 28th. The lightning incessant, and hail fell in such quantities that the roofs of the houses and surrounding hills were covered two feet thick with ice. The water fall was enormous. Torrents swept through the streets of Buda, carrying men, vehicles, and everything movable down into the river. Many houses were

entirely flooded and destroyed before the inhabitants could escape. Five hundred houses are missing. At least 100

were drowned or killed by falling walls. All railways are interrupted.

Partisan Judge.

The Albany Law Journal thus pays its respects to the Hon. Noah Davis.

That Judge Davis should have particularly the total eclipse of Tweed was natural enough having been recently led into the judicial omoey anti-Tweed wave, and being himself a politician and a partisan. That he did overstep the law in the court of appeals now declared in very positive and unimpeachable terms; that he was actuated by motives which should never stir the judicial bosom, is very clearly intimated by the court and the rebuke is administered to him at the close of Judge Davis' opinion, which is the more severe because so well deserved.

The St. Paul races, open to-day with eighty-seven entries, and continues until July 5th. All railroads carry passengers at reduced fares. A fine chance for horsemen to gratify their desire to see fast trotting.

But look out for your pocket books as the light fingered gentry are always advertising wherever large crowds assemble.

Notwithstanding the Pilsbury wave, it begins to look as if the Republicans would nominate Hon. J. H. Stewart of Ramsey County. The Doctor is a gentleman and is very popular.

A citizen's meeting for the relief of the sufferers is called for Wednesday.

Ninety-nine pounds and a half of wool were recently clipped from 12 common sheep, the property of Samuel Bacon of Martin county.

A two year old heifer the property of A. R. Town of Waverly, Martin county, is the mother of a calf that at one day old weighed 101 pounds.

Chop-choppers in large numbers were flying northward over Henderson and Ottawa on the 25th inst.

Farmers in Madelia are purchasing large numbers of sheep and will enter upon the experiment of wool growing.

The Winona adventurers who left last spring for the Black Hills, have returned bringing neither gold dust nor nuggets.

John Seathorn of Casson fell out of a swing at a Sunday school picnic and broke his collarbone.

A grove of timber was utterly destroyed, not a single tree remaining standing. Fifty trees were leveled in the big field, one of which measured three feet in diameter. Two horses were killed by the same storm. A distance of 80 rods away no trace of the storm was visible.

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L. DU TOIT & CO., Publishers.

CHASKA, MINNESOTA

THE NEWS.

Crimes.

It is feared at Washington that the troubles on the Texas border may involve the United States and Mexican governments in serious difficulties.

Horace Holcomb was lately arrested in Indianapolis with stolen \$100,000 worth of goods from merchants at Auburn, N. Y.

The trial of W. S. King for perjury, has been set for the October term.

Kansas City has a minister named Johnston who seduced his twin step-daughters, aged 16, and married one of them three months after his wife's death.

Boss Tweed was released from the penitentiary on a writ of habeas corpus, and re-arrested on a civil warrant for \$6,000,000, and put in the city jail. He requires bonds to the amount of \$5,000,000 to secure his freedom.

A negro who committed a rape in Hancock county, Ill., was taken from jail and hanged on the 26th.

Crimes.

A violent tornado and lightning storm passed over the northeastern part of Quincy, Ill., on the 14th instant, continuing from 8 till 10 o'clock. A large number of houses were leveled to the ground and in numerous instances severe injuries were sustained. John Winnie, a black miner, was struck by a falling timber and killed. Railroad trains arriving by all the roads report the tracks considerably damaged. The lightning continued until a fire broke out through the windows of a saloon, containing 10,000 pints of whiskey. Explosions after explosion followed. The whining flowed into and along the streets, burning and igniting other buildings, until millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed. People dipped the liquor up in pans, and became so riotous that troops were called out to restore order.

An earthquake shook southwestern Ohio and southern Indiana on the 18th, cracking walls and badly frightening the people.

A great flood occurred in Missouri and Southern Illinois on the 21st. The damage to crops, fences, and railroads is unprecedented.

A drunken rowdy named Hicks attacked the marshal of Ossceola, Mo., and received four bullets in return, producing almost instant death.

Three murderers were hung on last man's day. Costy, in Boston, and Gordon and Wagner in Thomaston, were the unfortunate.

Over a thousand lives were lost by unpreserved foods in France, on the 25th. Fifty thousand people are deprived of the means of subsistence thereby.

Great storms of wind, rain and hail continue to be reported from all directions. In France a million francs have been appropriated to relieve suffering.

Miscellaneous.

In the Beecher trial on the 21st, Mr. Beach claimed that the jury had been criminally ap-

preended, and demanded that the appointment of a time to begin the trial. The court said the proper time would be the end of the trial, when somebody would be punished.

A letter from Col. Dodge, in command of the Black Hills geological expedition, sends back the following semi-official report: "Gold found in paying quantities on French's creek. Custer's report confirmed in every particular." Private reports state that a hundred miners were found at work in Custer's Gulch, taking out gold at the rate of \$20 per day. Evidences are strong that the storm had been spent before it reached the town.

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POETRY.

THEM EGGS.

The Detroit Tribune says: We have received the following with a request to notify the writer whether we accept or reject it. We couldn't think of rejecting it:—

ASKING TOO MUCH.

Twas on the river Ohio

A steamboat with a full cargo

The downward trip she was making

Not far from the town of Wheeling

Three hundred on the deck or more

Who saw a woman on the shore

Making halting signs with her hand

For the boat to come to land

The Captain ordered boat ashore

To take on one passenger more

The boat have to a plunk ran out

Now must please step upon the boat

The Captain sir I wish to see

If he would do a turn for me

No sooner called than forth he came

What's this you wish from me now man

To New Orleans I wish to send

One dozen of Eggs with you my friend

Twelve cents here is all they bring

While at Orleans we get Thirteen

Some things from there like how have bought

We get them there at first cost

Here is the bill that can see

One skein of silk three cents in snuff the rest

in tea

You'll find them all at Jason's firm

Please stop with them on your return

Here is the basket eleven in it

The Hen is in her nest please wait a minute.

MISCELLANY.

IN LOVE WITH A VOICE.

I was in Vienna, intent upon seeing all the sights of that magnificent city. It was a hot summer Sunday, a day which at home would have been spent in reading the new-papers and trying to keep cool; but such indolence was not to be indulged in the capital of Austria, when time was precious and places of interest unnumbered. My traveling companion was a young Scotch physician, who was making a tour of the continent before settling down to practice in Glasgow. He had just finished his studies, but had already seen a good deal of the world, and was an excellent man to travel with. I had fallen in with him at Dresden, and we were about the same age, and both "on pleasure bent,"—the Scotchman, with as little Scotch stiffness and prejudice about him as possible, and I an American, of cosmopolitan tastes and varied experiences;—we formed a co-partnership which only terminated with the end of our travels.

On this particular Sunday, as we sat down to breakfast, I took out my well-worn guide-book to find out what the intelligent stranger is going to do; for whatever may be said against these little volumes of extravagant description and superfluous advice, I have always considered it a great comfort to have my day's work all planned out for me, and the responsibility of properly disposing of my time taken off my shoulders. I found that we should go to St. Stephen's cathedral for early service, and then to St. Augustine's in the evening to hear the wonderful music, which, according to our authority, was the best in Vienna, and not to be overlooked by the conscientious pilgrim.

Acting upon this advice we hastened to the grand St. Stephen's, tried to understand what the horrid priest was saying, strolled about the spacious aisles looking at tombstones, and monuments, puzzled over some old inscriptions which we couldn't read, got chilled through from the contrast between the sweltering weather outside and the ever-cool interior, and then left. Taking a *faute*, we drove to St. Stephen's church where the beautiful monument to Queen Sophie is. We took back seats, and, under the organ, busied ourselves looking at the church and the people entering, until the music began. This is what everybody seemed to have come for. The seats were filled, and every one waited patiently for the first notes of the organ. At last the service began. A few low chords led to a chorus, well, but not extraordinarily sung. I began to be a little disappointed. Was this the best church in Vienna? What New York. My unimpassioned companion, to whom all singing was the same, urged me and asked if we were not about ready to move on. We would wait a minute. I suggested, as the crowd was so dense that it would be difficult making one's way through it. Another chorus, boisterous and contrapuntal; then a bass solo, commenphace and warisome; then a short organ prelude, and—a revelation. Yes it seemed a revelation of divine melody, a very unfolding of the glories of God's advice. "It was a summer's vacation could not allow things to go on in this momentous way."

"What plans have you matured for this afternoon?" I inquired of the doctor, as he sat at the lunch table in the *Oesterreichischer Hof*.

A drive on the Ringstrasse (provided you have sufficiently recovered to go out); then a nap; afterward, dinner."

"And I am going to find Maria."

"So you have even settled her name? Can you inform me, please, what color of dress she wears? Has she good teeth? What salary does she get? How about her parents and her children? Has she any brothers?" Does she a ballet dancer at the opera? Have you any rivals? If so, call them out and I will second you. Nonsense, boy, come and drive out with me and see the town we must leave Vienna by Wednesdays you know, and Maria is already engaged to one of those good-looking Austrian soldiers, I will warrant."

No; he could not ridicule it away in that style. I tried to hum the *adagio* aloud, and failed; got up, however, it a cigar, and, leaning on the sarcostic sofa, *Scaria* to enjoy his solar and lonely evenings after my own fashion.

"Remarkable singer, remarkable singer, of interest to a foreigner."

"I suppose you know the singers, don't you? Can't you tell me the names of some of them?"

"'U'm' (thoughtfully storking his nose with one finger) "Herr Radunski sings the deep voice. Herr Herr—"

"Oh, never mind the deep voices; who sings the soprano, part?"

"Soprano part?"

"'Tis the high part, you know, the lady's part."

"Oh, yes, indeed; let me recollect myself before a long time—"

"A long time ago, you mean; never mind that, who sings there now?"

"A long time ago the boys sang soprano part—"

"Pshaw, but—"

"And den there was Fraulein—Frauen—rein, reine, reine, reine—Fraulein—Belgestreiter, remember it not? she was a very pretty little Fraulein, but I know not if she is there now."

"And don't you know anyone in the choir whom you could ask?"

He smiled.

"I only knew the Belgestreiter. What do you call him in English?"

"The boy-blow?"

"Yes, the blowing boy, and he sings not."

"Being me your belgestreiter! Where can I find him? Where does he live?" "You take a *faute* to Francis, strasse, get out at Seiler strasse, a very little street, go to No. 6 or 7; go in a door. You come to a large court, then you ask any one for old Fritz Schultz. If he is not there he will be drinking keep somewhere else. If he is not drinking beer he must be dead."

And I left my informant smiling at his own satirical fling at poor Schultz's habits, and wondering, no doubt, what a social snob would do to such a humble personage! But European landlords are getting accustomed to eccentric guests, and their aristocratic, as well as vagaries of all English speaking people have become petrified in the pretty epithet "Farrucks Englander,"—"Mad Englishmen,"—which they apply to all of us indiscriminately.

I followed my directions, and soon found myself at the place described. I entered the doorway, and through that passed to the large court. A child I inquired of conducted me to the object of my search. Schultz I found, according to prediction, in a low-ceiled room where a dozen drowsing men sat over their great mugs of beer. Schultz was a pretty old blow-boy, his hair being heavily frosted with gray. He was also a very obese old blow-boy. She must be dead, I thought, as I spoke quickly to him. I considered him remarkably intelligent as well as he seemed to understand my errand at once. I gave him a guinea to quicken his wits; he thereupon began to talk as if he determined to give me twice my money's worth.

"Well, although my knowledge of Vienna German was deplorable deficient, I managed to have quite an interview. His communication, as nearly as I could make it out, was as follows:

"No, I'm afraid I can't help you much. The fact is, you don't know what about what goes on in front of the organ—organ—organ is behind. I crawl up a dark stairway that no one else ever climbs, and get into a little dark box inside the organ. This is just about big enough to turn around in, and there I sit during service, and see nobody and hear nothing but a confused rumble of noise when the organ plays. I have my dungeon lighted by a little tallow dip, which enables me to watch the tall-tale, and see that the bellows keeps full. I know the organist. He is a good but particular man. I once got asleep during the sermon,—when I don't hear a word of it, he wakes me up, and I always wake up in the little bell shrunk for me to begin. It was then I found out that the organist was a particular man; he insists on my keeping awake all the time, listening for his little bell."

And then he went on with other personal reminiscences, which threw no light on my lady-love, her whereabouts, or her charms; so I left the garrulous old fellow, baffled in my first attempt at tracing an unknown person in a strange city.

I went home, and said as little as possible to my traveling companion, who was more sarcastic than ever on my return about the unfruitful afternoon's work. But the next morning, my American pluck being thoroughly roused, I vigorously resumed my pursuit. I learned from old Schultz where the good but particular organist lived, and thither beat myself. I had invented a wicked but plausible story which would apologize for my intrusion on this musical pot; so when the venerable artist appeared, I asked him if he had any news for what were my intentions. He was already considerably advanced in organ playing (heaven forgive me!) and was thinking of pursuing my musical studies in Vienna. I was politely received, and got a great deal of information which had no use for, but finally succeeded in leading him to the subject dearest to my heart, and learned that the divine singer was named Fraulein Maria—how did I know it was going to be Maria, unless by that infallible intuition which I trusted so implicitly—Fraulein Maria von Hammerschlag, which latter name was not quite as good as could have wished, for it could not be easily pronounced.

Without exciting his suspicions, I got her address, but further than this I could not find out nothing about her, he being more intent upon "roping me in" as a pupil than on describing the lovely Maria von Hammerschlag.

A drive on the Ringstrasse (provided you have sufficiently recovered to go out); then a nap; afterward, dinner."

"And I am going to find Maria."

"So you have even settled her name? Can you inform me, please, what color of dress she wears? Has she good teeth? What salary does she get? How about her parents and her children? Has she any brothers?" Does she a ballet dancer at the opera? Have you any rivals? If so, call them out and I will second you. Nonsense, boy, come and drive out with me and see the town we must leave Vienna by Wednesdays you know, and Maria is already engaged to one of those good-looking Austrian soldiers, I will warrant."

No; he could not ridicule it away in that style. I tried to hum the *adagio* aloud, and failed; got up, however, it a cigar, and, leaning on the sarcostic sofa, *Scaria* to enjoy his solar and lonely evenings after my own fashion.

"Remarkable singer, remarkable singer, of interest to a foreigner."

"I suppose you know the singers, don't you? Can't you tell me the names of some of them?"

"'U'm' (thoughtfully storking his nose with one finger) "Herr Radunski sings the deep voice. Herr Herr—"

"Oh, never mind the deep voices; who sings the soprano, part?"

"Soprano part?"

"'Tis the high part, you know, the lady's part."

"Oh, yes, indeed; let me recollect myself before a long time—"

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"A long time ago the boys sang soprano part—"

"Pshaw, but—"

"And den

Minneapolis Headquarters

AND



PARLOR BILLIARD HALL

CHASEKA MINN.

Keeps constantly on hand Chocolates

WINEs, LIQUORS, And Pure Havana Cigars.

Kept at Lowest Prices

S. DOYLE, Prop.

North Western Hotel

GLENCO MINN.

Is centrally located, and has good stable buildings attached.

JOSEPH KRIEML, Prop.

Feb. 25th.

MONITOR HOUSE

WEST Minneapolis MIAN.

PERFECT BLOCK, 1st Street.

This hotel is newly furnished and centrally situated, with good stable buildings attached, offers you the best of the traveler's and board.

FRANK DARK.

WASHINGTON HOUSE

CHASEKA MINN.

JOHN KERKER, Prop.

Feb. 25th.

Board by the day or week for reasonable prices. First class saloon attached. Good stable buildings attached to the premises. Travelers will find themselves at home here.

CLARK HOUSE

MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

Corner of Hennepin Avenue and 4th street.

Opened November 17th 1876, and furnished with all modern improvements.

E. W. BANCKS, Proprietor.

Dec. 24th.

CHASEKA HALL

EAST MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

BY

ANTON PEITZ.

At 5, main street, south of Bridge Square. Keeps constantly on hand choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. We are a call, and try some ten year old bottles.

New Goods, New Prices.

AT A. C. LASSENS.

ACONA, MINN.

I hereby announce to the citizens of Waconia and vicinity that I have a complete stock of

Dr Goods, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, And everything usually kept in a country store.

Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

REVIEW SOCIETY.

At Waconia, Minn.

BY ADOLPH EISELNER.

Dec. 17th.

Keeps a full stock of general merchandise and will pay the highest market price for produce.

Dec. 17th.

HARNESS & SADDLERY.

WATERTOWN, MINN.

S. E. KOHLER. Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of harnesses, saddle, blankets and trimmings.

Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

Dec. 17th.

NEW UNION MILLS.

At Watertown, Minn.

ENAU & ROESCHEISE, Proprietors.

Dec. 17th.

Everything is new and first class, with new Middlings Purifier. Three runs of one, two for wheat and one for feed.

Dec. 17th.

MATTHIAS ERTE.

BENTON MINN.

Keeps constantly on hand a large stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and every thing usually kept in a country store, and will sell the same cheap as the cheapest. Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Jan. 7th.

ATTENTION.

Holiday and wedding parties, when you want good No. 1 beer, call on Peter Litsch at his brewery where it can be furnished in his shortest notice.

Dec. 17th.

HOME ITEMS

HERALD AGENT CARVER - G. A. DuToit

INTRODUCTION IN FAIR.

Minneapolis & Return \$1.65. Fare \$1.10.

Minneapolis & St Louis

Railway.

Trains going North, depart,

10:15 A. M.

" South " 8:30 P. M.

" " 8:55 A. M.

" " 4:15 P. M.

S. W. LUSK, Agent.

Hastings & Dakota Ry.

Time Table.

CHASEKA

CARVER

DARLTON,

BENTON

YOUNG AMERICA (Norwood)

GLENCO

GLENCOE

YOUNG AMERICA (Norwood)

BENTON

DARLTON,

CARVER

CHASEKA

Shakopee, Chaska & Carver Accommodation Trains.

CONNECTING WITH ALL TRAINS OF THE CITY K.

GLENCO WEST, GOING EAST.

8:25 A. M. 6:50 P. M.

9:40 A. M. 8:30 P. M.

1:30 P. M. 4:30 P. M.

5:00 P. M.

4:30 P. M.

5:00 P. M.

5:30 P. M.

6:00 P. M.

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7:00 P. M.

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11:15 P. M.

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The Weekly Valley Herald.

TERMS, \$1.50 Per Annum.

A. L. DU TOIT & CO., Proprietors.

VOLUME 13 CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1875

NUMBER 46

Space, 1 w. 2 v. 1 in. 3 in. 16 in. 1 year.
1 inch \$7.50 25 40 6.00 10.00
2 in. 10.00 2.00 5.25 6.00 11.00
3 in. 17.50 2.75 4.00 7.50 10.50 13.00
4 in. 25 3.25 5.00 9.00 12.00 15.00
5 in. 35 4.25 7.00 12.50 26.00 28.00
6 in. 45 5.00 8.00 15.00 30.00 45.00
7 in. 55 6.00 10.00 15.00 30.00 45.00
8 in. 65 7.00 12.00 18.00 25.00 45.00

Legal advertisements, 75 cents per folio, first insertion, and 35 cents each subsequent insertion. Payment required on delivery of affidavit.

A legal folio is 250 ems solid matter.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion.

Transient advertisements payable in advance.

At \$1.50.

DELINQUENT TAX LIST OF

CARVER COUNTY, MINN.

State of Minnesota, County of Carver.

District Court, County Court.

Delinquent District.

The State of Minnesota to all persons, etc., that you are liable to pay to the State of Minnesota, right, title, or interest in claim to, or lien upon any of the several pieces or parcels of land in the list hereto attached described: That the list of taxes on real estate for the year 1874, which was due on the first day of June 1875, has been filed in the office of the clerk of the district court in the county of Carver, and that the sheriff attached a copy of the same to you, and also to the sheriff required to file in the files of said clerk within twenty (20) days after the last publication of this notice, your name or address, for the payment of any sum or deficiency due to the taxes or any part thereof, then upon any piece or parcel of land described in said list, or on which you have or claim an interest, or interest, etc., etc. And in default thereof, judgment will be entered against such piece of land, for the taxes on said list appearing against it, and for all penalties, interest, etc.

G. KRATENBERG,

Clerk of District Court in the County of Carver.

1/4 of lands and town lots in the County of Carver and State of Minnesota upon which taxes are delinquent and unpaid on this first day of June 1875 for the year 1874.

TAXES FOR THE YEAR 1874

TOWN OF BENTON.

Township 115, Range 25.

Names of Sub-divis. Sec. No. of Amt. Owners of Section, or Acres of Tax. Lt. or Blk. Lot.

Edward Reusse sw1/4 exc. 40 acres 1 120 13 13

Theodore Menten 1/4 of sw1/4 1 40 4 48

Peter Johnson 1/4 of sw1/4 2 80 5 62

Michael Staben 60-67-100 acres in sw1/4 2 26-7 4 27

Henry Kremers 26-66-100 acres in sw1/4 2 26-6 8 92

William Wilhens sw1/4 exc. 40 acres 1 120 13 85

George Hinsen 1/4 of sw1/4 2 106-67 17 75

Mathias Arista 1/4 of sw1/4 2 10 19 86

John Weinhemann sw1/4 exc. 40 acres 2 120 13 83

Leinard Zinken 40 acres in sw1/4 2 40 5 90

John Ebersviller 1/4 of sw1/4 2 20 1 16

Maria A Ebersviller 1/4 of sw1/4 3 20 1 16

Henry Kremers 1/4 of sw1/4 3 20 1 16

Edward Engels 1/4 of sw1/4 3 20 1 16

Ignatz Winkler 5-50-100 acres in sw1/4 and 1/4 of sw1/4 2 9 8.50

Ignatz Winkler sw1/4 3 9 8.50

Pete P Thelen 32 acres in sw1/4 2 6 11.56

John P P Thelen 1/4 of sw1/4 2 6 11.56

John Weters 1/4 of sw1/4 2 10 2 26

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John

Chaska Valley Herald.

L. DU TOIT & CO., Publishers.

CHASKA, MINNESOTA

THE NEWS.

CRIMES.

A negro who committed a rape in Hancock county, Ill., was taken from jail and hanged, on the 26th.

A suit for libel has been instituted at Pittsburgh, Pa., by Maj. A. M. Brown, on the part of Wm. S. Evans against Wm. Kountz and the Mail Publishing Co., to recover damages for an alleged libelous editorial article published in the *Allegany Mail* on the 23d inst. The article was headed "Is it Equal Justice," and spoke of Mr. Evans and others living in luxurious style on money stolen from the Indians and the government. The plaintiff says the accusations are false and malicious, and was established with intent to damage and injure him. He therefore brings suit, claiming damages in the sum of \$25,000.

In Chicago June 29, John Condon, a laborer, at No. 17 South Halsted street, while at breakfast, drew a revolver and shot across the table at his wife, hitting her in the left breast, and also in the head. The first ball passed through her lungs and she died instantly. Condon then placed the pistol in the region of his heart and fired, inflicting a wound which will doubtless prove fatal. As a neighbor attempted his arrest he fled among the crowd but did no harm. He called to a reporter that he was perfectly conscious of the extent of his crime, and that he had just cause to do it. Condon was sixty-five and his wife forty years of age.

On the 1st inst., eleven members of the jury in the Beecher-Tilton case reported to the judge that it was impossible for the jury to agree. One jury thought they should be sent back again, to "talk it over some more." The Judge, a ter speaker to them of the importance of terminating the case, sent them to their room again.

The man Price, who joined with Joseph Loder in an affidavit of having knowledge of criminality on the part of Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, has confessed to the Judge that he was State's evidence.

General Price and Price were both arrested, and the trial for perjury attracts large crowds as did the Beecher trial.

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CASES.

Great storms of wind, rain and hail continue to be reported from all directions. In France a million francs have been appropriated to relieve suffering.

Nine persons perished in the flood at Toulouse, France. The damage to property in the vicinity is said to amount to \$75,000,000. The lowest estimate of deaths in the whole inundated district is 2,000, 10,000 cattle were drowned in Moravia and Tyrol.

A French newspaper says that a furniture steamer passed over that city on the 29th ult. The ground was covered to the depth of two feet with ballastines. The water-fall was extreme, and torrents swept through the streets, carrying people and everything movable into the river. Five hundred people are missing.

A committee with President McMahon for chairman has been formed at Paris to collect funds for relief of sufferers by the inundation in Southern France.

A Pennsylvania storm, on the 30th ult., demolished several houses on the southern border.

A collision of two passenger trains on the Detroit and Milwaukee road, on the 30th ult., killed some fifteen emigrants. Air brakes on both trains prevented a wholesale destruction of life.

A fire at the Watson Bridge Works, Patterson, N. J., on the 29th, gutted the central building, 50x80 feet, four stories high, and another building, 51x148 feet, three stories high. The loss of the bridge works is estimated at from \$120,000 to \$150,000. E. G. Watson & Co. occupied a room on the third floor for the manufacture of silk, employing eighty hands. They lose \$40,000; insured for \$30,000. Chas. N. Martin of New York loses about \$70,000. The Watsons are going straight ahead with their bridge work, having 200 men busy this morning. Chas. Wilkey was arrested on suspicion of firing the place.

Reports received at Chicago from numerous points in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, and Southern Illinois indicate that the storm which passed over this section of country, lasting from Sunday night till Monday morning, in most localities did great damage, killing a considerable amount of stock, blowing down fences, barns and houses, inundating whole farms and injuring crops to some extent. Railroad bridges and culverts were swept away in some localities. Many persons are reported injured but comparatively few were killed. The greatest damage was done at interior points.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

Senator Sergeant predicts that Senator Frémont will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

Information has been received at Washington that our resident minister to Brussels, J. Russell Jones will soon resign.

Col. Anthony, of the *Leavenworth Times*, who was not long since, has escaped with his life, but fears are entertained for his mental condition.

Mr. Stevens' housekeeper, to whom he willed five thousand dollars, has commenced a suit against the estate for six years' wages at two hundred dollars a month.

The Southern Democrats are generally enthusiastic supporters of the inflation plank in the Ohio platform.

The Richmond Whig, (Democrat), says the men who fought for the Union on the one side, and the men who fought for the Confederacy on the other side, are after all the trust and safest reconstructors. P. L. Lee in his bearing Virginia's offering of national patriotism and Southern good-will to the North, will be laid on the altar of the Union. Bunker Hill, and received with sheets of joy as he has been in Washington at the time the treaty was made, and were therefore not represented in its negotiations.

Crosby, the Vicksburg sheriff who was thought to be fatally wounded, in a recent saloon fight, is again on the streets.

Col. Ganson of Massachusetts has issued a special order discharging his men, creates considerable excitement here. Vice President Brinkley, who has a controlling interest in the road, after obtaining an injunction from Chancellor Walker, enjoining Dow from taking possession, attempted to reach Little Rock to oppose Dow in any attempt to have himself appointed receiver, which Brinkley thinks was the real object of his visit.

It is said the Ralph Waldo Emerson had an interview with the Sphinx when he was abroad.

He and the Sphinx looked at each other for a long time in silence, and then the Sphinx

said, "You're another," and that ended the interview.

Treasurer New has assumed the duties pertaining to his office.

From Abroad.

A pavilion for the accommodation of the numerous foreign delegates to the Geographical Congress which meets on July 16th, is building in the court of the Tuilleries at Paris. Major General Crawford will represent the American Geographical Society, and Dr. Schweinfurth, the African explorer, comes in as the representative of the Khedive.

Gen. George A. Custer, has been ordered by the war department to Europe, on a business connected with the military service.

The Irish rifle team in practice at Oulart Mount made a much smaller score than the American team. The Lloyds have offered a 50 guinea cup to be contested for by the English, Irish, Scotch, and American teams at the time of the challenge shield match. All the teams have accepted.

A late dispatch says the Lord Mayor of London and suite has arrived at Dublin and called on the Lord Mayor and corporation of Dublin in staff and uniformed to the Mansion House. They afterwards attended a review of six regiments at Phoenix Park. The American rifle team and party were also at the review and enthusiastically received.

The entire village of Meridian, Nebraska, was totally destroyed by a tornado, last week, and the neighboring town of Alexandria was badly damaged.

The motion to push the indictments in Tweed's case has been dismissed.

The latest reports give \$2,000,000 as the amount of damages by the \$3,000,000 the

transfer, but was unable to obtain an engine, as President Greenlow has placed the rolling-stock under orders of Dow. Brinkley leaves for Little Rock this afternoon, however, and it is evident that a great amount of litigation will be the result of the action of the president.

The jury in the Beecher case had been out twenty-four hours when a rumor was circulated that they stood seven for Beecher and five for Tilton. Though unfounded, this created much excitement.

The New York papers say that at one time the Beecher-Tilton jury were unanimous for Beecher, and at another time equally divided in opinion.

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amount of damages in the sum of \$25,000.

In Chicago June 29, John Condon, a laborer, at No. 17 South Halsted street, while at breakfast, drew a revolver and shot across the table at his wife, hitting her in the left breast, and also in the head. The first ball passed through her lungs and she died instantly. Condon then placed the pistol in the region of his heart and fired, inflicting a wound which will doubtless prove fatal. As a neighbor attempted his arrest he fled among the crowd but did no harm. He called to a reporter that he was perfectly conscious of the extent of his crime, and that he had just cause to do it. Condon was sixty-five and his wife forty years of age.

The national debt is \$1,411,249 in the month of June, and \$1,399,514 in the year ending July 1st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New Hampshire supreme court is to return some of the Concord editors and correspondents for contempt.

Of the twenty-five commanders now in the United States navy, it is a rather singular fact that not one of them has served less than twenty years, while the longest term of service extends over forty-two years.

A special dispatch from San Francisco dated June 25, announces that the revolution against the Mexican authorities at La Paz is in a full tide of success and the Mexican troops had been sent from Mazatlan to the front.

A new correspondent says "sun-dries bottles and glasses were snatched from the room occupied by the Brooklyn jury, during their first evening out.

It is understood that the directors of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad company, in view of the financial difficulties now pending have decided that the stock transfer books will be removed to Toledo, but as there may be some certificate holders who may wish to make transfers they have given license to the stock exchange that books will be opened from the 10th to the 31st of July, after which stock can be transferred in Toledo.

The following dispatch from Red Cloud agency, was received at the Indian Bureau on the 25th ult.: To Hon. E. P. Smith: Commissioner.

The Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Indians have signed an agreement to relinquish their rights to the country south of the Black Hills.

General Cortina, the Mexican bandit who has been raiding on the Texas border, has been captured by the Mexican regular cavalry, and his men disarmed and imprisoned. There is great excitement at Matamoras, and trouble is anticipated.

Troops are patrolling the streets.

Eliez. Ervin, confidential clerk of H. G. Morris, of Philadelphia, has been arrested for embezzling \$140,000 from his employer.

The various banks of Bowling Green, Ky., have distributed 100 needed guns among different persons of the vicinity, to be used against the notorious James and Younger brothers, whose presence there is strongly suspected.

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POETRY.

PASSING BY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."
"And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth
Was a blessed boy, your happy door,
Sawing the old, the sick, the poor,
Who ask for nothing, scarcely weep,
To whom even heaven means only sleep;
While you, given good things without meas-
ure,
Sometimes can hardly sleep for pleasure;
Let not the blessed moment fly,
Jesus of Nazareth passes by."

Is there a sinner, tired to sin?
Longing a new life to begin?
But all the gates of hell are shut,
And all the ways of heaven are open;
Faith's best joys seem like hand-to-grass,
And even the very heaven's as brass;
Then not so pitifully—
Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Self-tormented man, of smooth, bland smile;
Woman, with heart like desert isle;
Set in the sea of household love;
What you say, you say right; you can never
Know while you, your sneering speech,
Your backward thrust, no sword can reach;
Look, your child, hits a wondering eye—
Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Oh, you foolish ones, who feel—
A sudden doubt, like piercing steel;
And you don't say, "I am born,
And destined to die," "return, return!"
Why! let ye the sweet impulse loose;
Love's wave wash back from your dried feet—
Knowing not him who came so night—
Jesus of Nazareth passing by?

He must not pass! Hold him secure;
In Likewise's arms, his brother;
In many a sick bed, his friend;
In every form of little child;
Clasp him—quite certain it is he—
In every form of misery;
And when thou meetest him up on high,
Be sure he will not pass thee by.

MISCELLANY.

A PEASANTS' REVENGE.

The schoolmaster who was commissioned to probe me a few guiding questions, sent me a present of a pocket-watch, a man who I happened to meet with as little need of sleep as possible. You will soon know the reason of this rare virtue. He spread upon the ground, near the fire, his sheep-skin cloak, filled his pipe and lay down. It was the real Carpathian peasant, with turquoise blue eyes and long crimson locks, wearing still the national costume, a kind of sleeveless tunic reaching to the knee, and a coat ordinarily of plain blue with arabesques upon the seams, living upon buckwheat bread and cheese, drinking water, bathing never, limited to his toilet, and contenting himself to his right to fish, the mountain streams, his lord, his priest, and his *carmina*. His hard toil, like that of a beast of burden, ceased only upon Sunday, when he shaved, went to mass, and got dead drunk. I talked of liberty to Stepan—this was the name of my guardian. But the impassiveness of Stepan to my discourse upon liberty was changed to lively emotion as the evening advanced. "Butko" (little father), he then said, "is damp to-night; you ought to go in; or 'Butko' the stars are sleeping; do likewise."

At last the evening came, it was the same, with "Butko," "Butko," "Butko." "Evening I disturbed you, what did he do if he did not sleep? One night I made a pretense of retiring and posted myself behind the curtain which closed my tent, and watched him through the opening. I saw him at first going and coming, picking up dry branches. Imperceptibly he approached the wood and disappeared in the shadow. I waited a few moments; there was no sound. I took a few steps in the direction which he had taken and I stopped. The words reached me. Stepan was talking, who was asking for the hospitality of a camp fire. I re-entered, went to sleep, and thought no more about the matter. Two or three nights later I was in bed unable to sleep. The night was very mild, with a moon whose fantastic beauty defined, lighted, and concealed everything in a misty halo. Its silvery softness was more beautiful than light in its harmony. I turned, and turned again upon my couch; it was impossible to sleep. I lay in the shadow, no sleep came, even the desire to go to sleep departed, and I opened my eyes wide. What had inflamed my blood? I instantly noticed that the moon was opposite me, and that she was regarding me strangely with her round sulphurous face, as if distilling a luminous poison. Oh, wicked moon! It was the same which hung above me, while I slept as a child in the cradle. I shut my eyes, but I felt her enveloping me in a haze; I could have annihilated her. Why should I be so restless, come to review the inexplicable homesickness, the implausible craving for excitement, which followed me everywhere? My heart beat heavily; I arose and went out in order to breathe.

I stopped suddenly. A few steps from the fire, by the side of Stepan, a woman was sitting. She was a peasant—in the dress of a peasant—yet her features had nothing of the type. The two handkerchiefs, placed in contrary directions, forming the head-dress of the women of this valley, were visible. In the peculiar light, her hair was golden, like the skin of an antique cameo. There was an indescribable something in her expression, half-resolute, half-thoughtful, which is rarely seen among her class. Her face was pale, large eyes of a yellowish cast, like the eyes of cats, her graceful figure in a scarlet bodice. Stepan was looking at her, and she was looking at Stepan, and in the magnificence and elevating glory of the summer night, it was no more than a rustic idyl, but the eternal, the brilliant, the magical poem of love.

The moon went down, and about the dying few long shadows hovered. The woman had disappeared. I called Stepan and after a few words, I began to walk about. Day had passed, I had a rest, and I equally rejoiced and complimented Stepan upon his beautiful fiancee. He sighed and turned away his head without replying. These dull mountaineers speak only when they will. I respected the silence and the sigh.

"Butko, it was Stepan, the wife of my neighbor; do not speak of her in your valley."

I was surprised. Morals are very pure here, where the barriers of custom separate the sexes. They never mingle. In the fields, in the public houses, in the church, the men and women are on one side, and the women upon the other; the children, even youths and maidens, submit to this custom. Chance, or perhaps the inconsistent desire to investigate to the bottom of things, induced me to take the road to the cottage of Stepan. It was at the declivity on the north side of the mountain, and separated from the market town by the torrent. There was another one beside it, which, until now, I had not observed, with a court, a vegetable garden, and an orchard. In the

court were a heap of manure, pools in which ducks was sporting, a shed with a handleless harrow and other old, worn-out articles. In the garden a child was amusing himself in making the dew fall from the hemlock branches. The orchard on the slope reached to the wood on the mountain. The child entered the cottage, leaving the door open. Louisa, the wife of the neighbor, had to shut it. How had she strayed into this wretched peasant's abode, she with her delicate, tanned hands, her slender form, and especially that indescribable look, half-resolute, half-thoughtful. And I comprehend that if Stepan loved her it was for this particular feature, the elegance of her extremities, her undulating carriage, that are not seen among her class. I questioned the schoolmaster. He told me that Louisa was the natural daughter of a rich lord of the vicinity and of a *popadanki* (daughter of a priest) whom he seduced, and who died in giving her birth. Louisa was brought up in the seigniorial house until 13 years of age, at which period her father died, leaving a will. The heir turned her out. For two years she went from farm to farm, seeking employment; but she was the daughter of a *szlachetka*, a daughter of a noble, in person, language and habits; she knew not how to work. They beat her, despised her. At fifteen years of age a peasant from Skoly, observing her beauty, asked her to marry him. She was dying of hunger, and accepted him. It was reported in the village, she did not love her husband. Now that the ice was broken, Stepan, who had become very confidential, confirmed this story. His liaison with the young wife was evident. "And the husband?" I asked.

"Oh! Butko, husband!"

What profoundity in this exclamation! Everywhere the same! Oh! the good and honest thing—husband!

"Besides it is my neighbor and my friend." After a moment's silence he added:

"I would give my life if he were neither my neighbor nor my friend."

He told me that since he had kept watch near my fire, Louisa came onto the mountain a little after 11. Send up your name. If possible put up your horses there; they can have eat grass. If Thomas will take them with the mountain, a place a mile on, and come back and wait at dinner. Give Miss Blair my letter. Salute her and her mother; ask them to walk. See the place fully; think of what improvements should be made; talk of my mare, the purse, the chocolate; tell her you are a very old and intelligent friend; praise me, my good qualities; you know them; tell them, how odd, how inconsistent, how impulsive, how much accustomed to women of intrigue. Ask gravely, "Pray don't you think there is something of madness in that family?"

Talk of my father, my strong desire to have my own house. Observe her well. See, how amiable! Judge if she would be happy with your friend. Think of me as the great man of Anatolium—quite classical, too. Study the mother. Remember well what passes. Stay to tea. At six order horses and go to New Millet, two hours from London; but, if they press you to stay all night, do it. Be a man of much ease as possible. Consider what a romantic expedition you are on. Take notes. Perhaps you now fix me for life."

The whole story of love and courtship offers nothing more ludicrous than this document. Temple's interest was not without fruit. "At last I am here," writes Boswell from Miss Blair's house; "at last I am here and our meeting has been such as you paint in your last but one. I have been here last but one night; she insists on my staying another." In this way he fed two cows, but only paid for the pasturage of one. And yet he had but one cow in the pasture at one time. How is that for thrif?

DO NOT EAT RAW EGGS.

One of the most common prejudices of housewives and mothers is that hard eggs are difficult to digest, especially the white and that the less they are boiled the better they are for weak and dyspeptic stomachs. The reverse is the case, as there is more danger of raw soft white of an egg passing through the digestive apparatus without being really digested, than of the white passing through the intestines. A writer in the *Medical Journal* says: "We have seen dyspeptics who have suffered untold tortures from almost every kind of food. No liquid could be taken without suffering; bread became a burning acid; meat and milk were solid and liquid fires. We have seen these same sufferers trying to avoid food and drink, and even going to the enema syringes for sustenance. And we have seen their torments pass away and their hunger relieved by living upon the white of eggs which had been boiled in water for thirty minutes. At the end of a week we have given the hard yolk of the egg with the white, and upon this diet alone, without fluid of any kind, we have seen them begin to gain flesh and strength and refreshing sleep. After weeks of this treatment they have been able, with care, to begin upon other food." And all this the writer adds, without taking medicine. He says, what we always have maintained that hard-boiled eggs are not half bad as half-boiled ones, and ten times easier to digest than raw ones. We have seen toothless babies digest them, and they went for Sam. He swore up and down that he smelt cotton burning; no use talking to him—he knew the smell of burning cotton, and by thunder! he had smelt it. The First Pilot said kind of soft and pityingly to Sam: "My boy, if you'd told me you was near the jin-jans I'd stood double watch for you. Now you go and soak your head in a bucket of water and take a good sleep, and you'll be all right by to-morrow." Sam just bled over at this, and when a pretty young woman came to visit him he never talked back, but looked kind of puzzled—as though he was trying to account for that smell of cotton-smoke."

"And what was the cause of the smell?" I asked mine Ancient. He chuckled a full minute, and then said: "You see there's a speaking tube running from the engine-room to the pilot-house. I had in the tube a small player, and he was always talking to the bear, and having worked him to a nervous state about fire. I waited till he was alone in the pilot-house, and then set fire to a little wad of cotton, stuffed it into the speaking-tube, and the snarl came out right under his nose. A little sugar on it, pard."

A STRANGE STORY.

About two years ago a Jew in straitened circumstances, a skinner, I think, was married with a woman of Transylvania for love. He implored his position in the new world. He left a wife and several children behind, and promised that as soon as it was within his means he would send them some money from America. There fortune smiled on him, and when he had amassed a sum of 60,000 florins he resolved to return home and surprise his family with his wealth. He started without having apprised his family of his intended return, and on his way home he arrived at Hamburg, where he was seized with a so dangerous an illness that he made a will bequeathing all his property to his wife. He recovered, however, to find that his wife had stolen from him a man who had ruined him. A few benevolent persons, sympathizing with his misfortunes, collected about one hundred florins, wherewith the unfortunate Jew resolved to return to America in order to retrieve his fortunes. In the meanwhile the nurse had decamped with his booty to America, where, shortly after his arrival, he died suddenly. The American authorities sent the coffin, with the 60,000 florins, to Transylvania, and as the will was also found in the coffin, the authorities at the same time acquainted the relatives with the death of the testator. After the death of the testator, the wife of the deceased had married to another man. The event has caused a great sensation in the neighborhood, and it is stated that a conference of rabbis is about to be held to determine to which of the two husbands the woman belongs.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

Pudding—1 cup of milk, 1 cup of butter, 1 wine glass of brandy, 1 cup of molasses, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 pound of raisins, stoned, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, flour sufficient to make stiff, a pound of cake. Put the soda in the molasses; stir; add milk, flour, butter, brandy and apples, lastly the raisins (which should be rolled in a little flour). Boil in a mold for 4 hours.

resounded, and restored me to myself. The bear rolled over a few feet from his victim. Fedor, running to the beast, said:

"I shall get nearly ten florins for this fur, and with the government premium that will make a windfall!"

"Without counting the death of Stepan," I added.

"I looked at me; a hideous exultation, the legitimate transport of a wrong avenged, sparkled in his eyes.

The Carpathians were obscured; all about the shadows lengthened, faded out, Louisa wept. I deplore to-morrow.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The annual inquiry for a good white-wash has commenced, and the following may be found useful. Take a bag of fine creosote, burn the sticks slowly with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep it in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve, and add to it seven pounds of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled in a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, one pound of clean glue, which had been previously dissolved by soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Dissolve five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered with dirt. It must be put on wood.

Then may cover your cotton from stem to stem with tarpaulin, and keep your key engines steamed up, but if a spark of fire touches cotton, enough to fill a ton, your boat's a corpse. It's quicker'n gunpowder to burn, and no bigger'n a casting line, and fuller of tricks than a mule colt. He worked off jokes down everybody aboard, from the skipper down to the roosters (darky deck hands); but they were all taken in good part, only I lay by two or three to pay back. About the time Sam got the run of the river enough to stand alone at the wheel, the Scott went into the lower river trade, carrying cotton from Memphis to Orléans. Perhaps now you never see a boat so loaded with cotton as that? Well, Louisa may cover your cotton from stem to stem with tarpaulin, and keep your key engines steamed up, but if a spark of fire touches cotton, enough to fill a ton, your boat's a corpse. It's quicker'n gunpowder to burn, and no bigger'n a casting line, and fuller of tricks than a mule colt. 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VOLUME 13

CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1875

THE QUEEN'S TAX LIST OF CARVER COUNTY, MINN.

State of Minnesota, }
County of Carver. }
District Court, }
8th Judicial District.

The State of Minnesota, county of Carver, to whom it may concern, doth declare, that the persons who have or claim any estate, right, title, interest in, claim to, or have upon any of the several pieces or parcels of land in the list, to attend, Described as follows, and to file a claim, before the County of Carver, in the Judgment on the first day of August, 1875, has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court in the County of Carver, Two days before the day of filing, the Clerk, or his two clerks, or either of them, are hereby required to file in the office of Clerk with the Clerk, or his two clerks, or either of them, two days after the last publication of this notice, your claim to the land, or parcels of land, or any part thereof, upon any place or parcel of land described in any place or parcel of land you have or claim, or any place or parcel of land described in detail, thereof, and you will be entitled to each and every place or parcel of land for the taxes or said lot, appearing against it, and for all penalties, interest, and costs, and for all expenses.

G. KRATZER,
Judge of District Court in the County of Carver.

All cities and towns in the County of Carver and State of Minnesota upon which taxes are delinquent are suspended until the 1st day of June, 1875, for the year 1874.

TAXES FOR THE YEAR 1874

TOWN OF MONTON.

Township 115, Range 25.

Names of Sub-divis. See. No. of Amt. Owners. of Section or Acres of Lot or Blk. Tax.

1 or 2 or 3. Lot.

Chaska Valley Herald.

I. DHOIT & CO., Publishers.

CHASKA. MINNESOTA

THE NEWS.

Crimes.

An extract from the *Bozeman, Montana, Times* says crowds of Lisperies and Bannock Indians have combined against the Sioux; that three days fighting had occurred, and that the Sioux were being overpowered.

Capt. Lindell and Dean, chief mate of the bark *Union*, lost on Puget Sound, May 7th, by striking a rock and sandbank, have been arrested at the instance of insurance men for willfully wrecking the vessel. The mate made a confession charging the Captain with approaching him with plans to destroy the vessel, which design was deliberately carried out. The Captain denies the charge. The *Union* was worth about \$8,000, but insured for \$15,000.

Col. Bandinel, who has just returned from the Indian Territory, says 29 murders have been disposed of by the U. S. District Court, at Ft. Smith, Arkansas, before which all crimes of business from the Indian Nation came out. Of this number there were eight convictions for murder in the first degree. Seven of the convicted, including two boys, one 17 and the other but 9 years old, will be hanged together the third of September. On the eighth one, a negro, was given Burton's conviction while attempting to escape from the guard. Much trouble has been caused by the trial of Smith and ten men have been killed near Fort Smith within a few months.

For some time past a warm conflict has been going on at Westerville, O., between the citizens of the town and one Henry H. Corbin, who recently started a saloon within their corporation limits. Until yesterday the war had been one of words, but last night some unknown parties silently placed gunpowder in a fuse which caused an explosion to occur about midnight, blowing out the windows and doors of the building, and raising the roof about four inches. To-day, upon Corbin's application, warrants were issued for the arrest of the preachers of various churches in Westerville, the Postmaster and four other citizens. The unknowns charged the parties intended others, unknowns, with plotting to conduct in assaulting and encouraging an assault on Corbin's saloon, with stones, on the night of July 2. Oberlin University is located at Westerville, and for many years no saloon has been allowed to exist in the town. The excitement is very great, and each party is equally determined to hold out.

Associate Justice Swaine has dissolved the injunction obtained by L. D. Sime against the Postmaster at Cincinnati. He holds that Sime has his remedy in a suit for damages against the Postmaster General and Postmaster at Cincinnati.

Ann Eliza Young has made an affidavit upon which her representatives have begun a prosecution for perjury against her fractional husband, the prophet Brigham.

Warfield T. Browning has been expelled from the first branch of the city council of Baltimore and indicted by a grand jury; being expelled for receiving bribes and indicted for forging bills and committing

an old farmer named Strickland, residing four miles from Antwerp, O., was arrested last night, charged with committing

ape upon Louis Hancey, aged 13. He was seized upon Antwerp, to await investigation.

The daughter of Lawrence Day, of Water-
town, Michigan, aged 16, having killed herself with poison, it transpires that she committed suicide because of an outrage having been committed upon her by one Andrew Sperry, who has fled from the place.

The Governor's Council of Massachusetts has decided that the death sentence of Jesse Donnelly, the boy thief, should not be commuted, but it is thought Gov. Gaston, who strongly favors commutation, may save the boy by declining to fix the day for his execution.

The Brevers brothers who shot and wounded Col. Clarke, at the St. Clair hotel, Baltimore, for the alleged seduction of their sister, 35 years old, formerly a clerk in the treasury department, have been released on bail, but declare they will surely kill Clarke whenever they can.

At Toronto a man convicted of rape was sentenced last week to imprisonment, with twenty lashes on his reception at the prison and an end to his discharge.

Frank K. Beecher has written a letter to the district attorney of Boston demanding an immediate trial on Beecher's charge of libel. The attorney denies the request, and says he may be able to accommodate Moulton, after the heated term, to his entire satisfaction, when he may have reason to rejoice that it was not done sooner.

Two men stopped a train on the Vandalia railroad, near Casey, Ill., and killed the engineer. They then uncoupled the engine and express car and ran them off about two miles, attempted to enter the express car, the messenger proved too plucky for them, however, and helped them at bay until the train men came up and fired upon them, when they ran off.

Mark Egan was exonerated at Monticello, N. Y., on the 10th, in the murder of Sylvester Chiar, of Morris. His wife and child remained with him to the last.

Two men have been arrested for complicity in the recent train robberies in Indiana.

CASUALTIES.

The steamer *Boone*, of the Pease expedition, sunk near Hunter's Springs, about two weeks ago, and all the army supplies and Pease's personal effects were lost, but no lives.

A collision occurred on the South Side railroad, near Rockaway, New Jersey, on the 5th inst., by which seven persons were killed and twenty others injured. The President of the line was charged with the responsibility, and disappeared from the accident.

Six boys were drowned while bathing at Fall River, Mass., on the 6th.

A special from Des Moines, Ia., says: On Saturday evening a large party were returning from Greeley, Adair county, to their homes in the country, they attempted to cross the Middle river, which had been swollen by recent rains, when a wagon containing Mr. A. Montgomery, wife, daughter and son and Mrs. Thomas Montgomery and her three children, and J. R. Baker, was overturned and the occupants plunged into the torrent. Mrs. Thomas Montgomery and her baby were down and were not seen afterwards. Mr. Montgomery clung to the horses for awhile, with a little boy in his arms, who was compelled to let go and soon were drowned. Meaning Mr. Baker, who had been swimming to the opposite shore with another boy in his arms, became exhausted within sight of the bank and was carried down by the torrent. The other people were rescued by neighbors.

Actions were taken, and, second, that they are not done, accordingly he rejects papers decided that Mrs. Craven died intestate. Prof. Jenny again reiterates his belief that old does not exist in paying quantities in the bill of lading.

A very bitter contest is now going on in the Iroquois Nation for the position of Chief of a Nation, between the Ross and Downing

parties, and it is alleged that conspiracy and secret assassinations are rife. Col. W. P. Ross, the present chief, a candidate for re-election, and a man named Thompson is the candidate of the Downing party.

Plymouth church has voted to raise the salary of Henry Ward Beecher to \$100,000 a year. It is understood among the members, however, that this immense salary is for one year only, and is intended to aid in the payment of the expenses of the trial.

Frank Moulton, it is asserted, will endeavor to have Mr. Beecher indicted for perjury, and will summon as witnesses Mrs. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Moulton, Theodore Tilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Richards, Henry C. Bowen, and others.

Assistant Secretary Cowan states that Secretary Delano has not retired from the Interior Department, and is expected to return the latter part of this month.

A fire which recently destroyed a farm building on the Greenleaf farm near Ottawa, Ill., was set by a servant named Bridget Hennessey whose only motive was an irresistible desire to see a good fire.

Burr Kneeland, junior member of the firm of Flint & Kneeland of Milwaukee, was recently drowned in the river at that place. It is supposed he committed suicide because of an unfortunate secret marriage which was about becoming known to his relatives and friends.

Details of a terrible earthquake in New Georgia, in the Pacific ocean, are now known. The city of Gauda is in ruins and a single house remains. The killed are estimated at 5000, in that city alone. Eleven other towns are in complete ruins, and ten or twelve more suffered very severely. The survivors were obliged to remove from the scenes of death account of the putrefaction of bodies which cannot be interred. The ruined cities were immediately set upon by robbers, and everything of value was taken.

Four churches Portland, Maine, were injured by lightning, during a recent thunder storm.

From Abroad.

A dispatch says at a recent banquet in the Crystal Palace, Mr. Schenck, on proposing the health of President Grant, proposed the health of the President of the United States. The Standard says: "None but Americans can appreciate such a display of bad taste as that of their hosts in attacking Americans for their country. They were more than half as good as the Americans, and the whole world will be shocked to learn that they were more than half as good as the Americans."

Right on our camp ground colors are found in every wash-basin, but we are too far down, and all the gold found here is very light, but quantities as also the quality increase as we go up.

A man from whom claims say five miles up was in camp yesterday and says a house he had been making from lumber he had cut and hewn with a hand saw will be running in a day or so, and he will take a basket of champagne with him when he takes from \$160 to \$150, or \$170 to \$180 a day per man. As yet your correspondent has not had ample opportunity to examine thoroughly and report definitely upon the matter of whether or not the gold is in large paying quantities, but the simple fact that at this point is a large expensive stockade, and that others are being erected along the streams and all the ground taken up by miners for placer diggings.

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Correspondent's Belief in Gold and Doubt of Prof. Jenny's Late Reports.

Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CAMP NEAR HARNEY CITY, BLACK HILLS, D. T., June 24, 1875.

A train of ten wagons starts for Fort Laramie in a few moments, and I drop you a hasty letter.

This camp is on what is supposed to be French Creek, and was reached the 16th inst. by the detachment, accompanied by headquarters, that passed up north through the western foot-hills of the Black Hills to Custer's trail, which it followed, with a few deviations, to this point.

Two companies of the command came along the 20th inst., arriving the 21st.

The other company of cavalry remained at Camp Jenny until the arrival of the supply train escort by the companies of infantry, and came with it to see to the safety of the horses.

Details of the country

of such an expedition as this moves.

Lieutenant J. G. Bourke, 3d cavalry

A. D. C., has been relieved as Engineer's officer of the expedition by Lieutenant Chas. Weston, 3d cavalry. Lieutenant Bourke was required at department headquarters.

Lieutenant Whitmore, 3d cavalry, will accompany him as far as

Fort Laramie, and will carry this in. We

will probably remain here until we hear from department headquarters. A. L. Loff.

THE CROWD OF THE SCHOONER FLORIDA AND THEIR STARTLING HISTORY.

(From the New Orleans Picayune.)

Recent revelations have excited an intense and growing interest in the fate of the fifteen or twenty men who, more than a quarter of a century ago, chartered the schooner Florida and set sail for the golden shores of California. For twenty-six years the families of the original passengers, and 26 years shipped by without a cent, or whistler to disturb them, have been deprived of the power of the sea.

The last of the Florida was received late in the year 1848 from Rio Janeiro. She had put in at that port some time previous, and then proceeded on her way, leaving badly, it was said. A vessel touching at Rio Janeiro shortly afterward reported having spoken the Florida in the Pacific, just beyond Cape Horn. From that time forward nothing more was ever heard of the Florida, and it became an accepted theory that she had been cast away and driven to the west of the hills, and the streams here have water in them, and soft water at that, and they wind and twist between high hills or mountains, not unlike the Ozark Mountains in Southeast Missouri. In fact, this country resembles very much the country around Pilot Knob, with the difference that the hills here look like a view through the small end of a telescope, and stand one through the large end. The soil of these hills, there are mischievous, very anchovy, and innumerable quartz. The soil of the Florida is black sand, sparkling with a large portion of mica and mica, and there gold, and every foot of it is taken up by miners for placer diggings.

Right on our camp ground colors are found in every wash-basin, but we are too far down, and all the gold found here is very light, but quantities as also the quality increase as we go up.

POETRY.

[From the Inter-Ocean.]
THE BOY OF OURS.

Why, Linda Grey, as I'm alive! come in and take a cheer!
Ye have but just for quite a spell, it seems
almost a year.
I thought I heard a rapping' too, an' yit I wa'n't quite shor,
But I heud'n't the slight'lest idee, my child,
that you was at the door.

Take off your things. No? Jes' dropped in?
Why, Linda, can't we stay?
I'm in the house. Dan'l's dead, I miss him every day.
Twould cheer me up if ye would stop, for when I set alone,
I think o' them with boy of ours, an' grieve,
an sigh, an' grieve.

I know they's mighty weak—in me to take on so
'fore you?
Why can't just that—handkercher? 'an' what kin I do?
Ef I don't for sheddin' now an' then, I think
my heart'd burst,
For in sortin' out our things, I've leaved the Lord
gev me the worst.

Mobie y'd like to hear, my child, jes' what
I've heud to bear;
I hasn't told many people yit,—ther hasn't
been many here.
I'm a'nt allus keerd to start, I git snuffin' so;
But I'll try to keep the floodgates shut an' not goin' too slow.

Jes' fifteen years ago this month, on a shiny
Sabbath morn,
Es the bells was ringin' for sinner and saint,
the boy of ours was born.
We giv him a script'd name, which was
Lishkin, but Linda Grey, that gooly name was very
unfit for him.

I suppose there's some good reason why our
fatu's alius seeded
An' p'raps it's jes' as well for me that mine
hasn't been revealed;
But if I knowed where he was ahead, I'd made
some things more trim,
By mobin' that boy Beelzebub instead of Eliakim.

Heigh hum!

Don't am' me set hope on Li, our first an' only
child,
For we b'lieved the Lord, that Sabbath day,
He had b'ased on him and snifed;
So here he'd be'n on earth, we both on
us agreed,
To make a' p'acher outen him for sowin' the
blest seed.

But life is mighty thwartin', child, (I feared
I'd act this way),
"N' its the havin' o' plans I find—not even
for losin' her;
An' Linda, you may profit by one mori I have
gleamed,
Never cheer your child's career a year
atore he's weaned.

Resum'in', Lishkin growed an' thuv, an' giv
the world o' care,
For in the sowing o' seed, I feared he'd
make a' power o' fire,
He had no taste for useful books, an' tor' up
all my trus';
He liked escul' works as "Smukfoot Jim," with
marin' yeller backs.

I had to thresh him every day, an' Sundays al-
lusive,
For though I tickled a heap to him I used the
strop for spic.
But the more I talked an' the more I strapped,
the worse he seemed to git;
An' one night Dan'l asked me ef 'twasn't
about time to quit.

"Jane," sez he, "I see him now a closin' the
blessed eyes,
"I 'gin' to see he's missed our pints, a view
in the course we've took;
I'd think es soon o' comin' the stars or spong
in the sea,
Es drivin' th' boy to Zion, an' makin' him
bind the kine.

"I tell ye, wife, our tactics' wrong, we beu a
heap too strict,
The stra's a good'ndoor, sure, but never
too strict.
Take this advice, or never hope to realize yez
dream;
Use muth o' human kindness, some, and don't
skin off the cream."

"Daniel Clark," sez I, "look here!"—for I gat
myth' vessel;
"Send me a note to preach to me, I'll jes'
giv you a tex;
"Span the rod an' spide the child," you've said
the same afore;
So while th'ire'l be'll persevere and talk and
thrash the more."

He didn't say a single word, but looked at me
so sot;
I never took a'nt'—somehow—but what I
break out hal,
An' though we've traveled side by side fer
nigh to twenty years,
Thet was the first my' time th' things go
out o' gear.

What? "Leven o'clock? I'm keepin' ye; I'm
a'nt' done, my child.
Lakin' growed no better last, an' I got fairly
wild;
"An' the more Istru, the more he struv, an'
got from bad to worse,
Until I thought for stubbornness he'd beat the
last perverse.

He kin' me to Dan somehow, mor'n he
did to me;
An' how the man contrained the child I want'
quite clear to see;
But now them words flow through my mind
o'ce confirms strem,
"Use muth o' human kindness some, and
don't skin off the cream."

Heigh hum!

I tried to keep him in the house, an' sum cor-
ruption' boys;
But he'd git out an' join the gang, and top the
rest o' us.
He'd git out, keerd, an' go to shows, an' run
all the time.
Till I c'nt thought my cherished hopes were
nuthin' but vain desises.

He come a'nt' thinkin' thing on me in open
church one day,
I'd led him to the anxious seat to leev him
seek the way.
But when he come down, he slipped his
h'ad'nd' run,
An' left me standin', while the folks was snick-
erin' at the fun.

But after while the clinck come, as clinck
will ye know,
An' the begin' to believe 'twas true that "Life's
in' sin' show."
You see I had one little child, child, I alus kept fer
nike;
I think in fifteen year or more I used it only
twice.

But once our good old elder called, so I got out
thet book,
An' when he giv me to hant the place I stood
that h'ad'nd' struckin'—
In settin' them precious leaves, an' right
Was scutt'ed a pack o' greasy keards that be-
longed to "Lukin'.

"Course I hanted that and than, an' Elder Slin
w'ent home;
I tak so sick 'twas thirteen days afore I left my
room;
But 'n' I think I fainted that Li in a way I'd
call intense,
And that same night he left the house an'
hain't be'n near it since.

Well child, 'twas turrible bad for me, and
I think I struv so pow'ful hard, for Satan to
flank me so;
And then I have to cry or drown's if I hed
n't enough to bear, but he died in less
a year.

Heigh hum!

An' now I'm spenin' this life alone; no
husband to be my boy;
An' b'ain't the time when I shall try a life with-
out alay;
But child, if you should leev a son and choose
the presider scheme,
Try muth o' human kindness, sure, an' don't
skin off the cream.

Jazz De Brown.

MISCELLANY.

A RACE HORSE'S INSTINCT.

The following, says the Baltimore *American*, is one of the most remarkable instances on record of the instinct of a horse. Immediately after the last day's meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club at Pimlico this spring, Business, Arist, George West, and one of three other half-brother racers were put up for auction by their owner, Mr. Joseph Domine. As is generally the case, however, no one wanted to purchase them, and with the exception of Jim Crow, none were sold. They were taken back to the stables, and on the following day George West, the renowned steeple chaser was sent to the farm of Captain Powers in Baltimore county, and turned out to pasture with a number of common working horses. Strange to say, however, the old racer refuses to associate with the common horses, and will not even remain in the same part of the field with them except in certain hours. Every morning he is walked around a small circle for an hour or so. These walking circles can be found near the stables at every race track, and they are usually about 100 feet in diameter. On the first morning after old George West was turned out of the stable at Captain Powers' farm, he waited around the stable doors for some time, and neighed as if impatient. The old horse spent the entire first day walking up and down in front of the stable. On the following morning he was turned out again, and he walked around the stable for some time, then walked up to a distant corner of the field, where he proceeded to walk around in a circle of about fifty or sixty yards. The walk was kept up for an hour as steadily as he had ever done in his painiest training days. After exercising about an hour the old horse left his walking ground and capered around the field as if delighted. In the evening it was noticed that shortly before sunset he threw up his head, and, after sounding a small circle used by him in the morning, walked around it regularly for about an hour. At the expiration of that time he went to the stable. These exercises of walking and galloping have been repeated regularly ever since, and Captain Powers states that the time George West begins exercising each day does not vary over half an hour. He was kept in the stable two days without getting out, but when turned out on the third he at once began his walk and kept it up as usual. The other horses followed, and example, and every common horse may be seen moving regularly around the circle like a string of racers, headed by George West. The sight is a novel one, and hundreds of persons have visited the farm during the past week to witness it. Beyond the walking George West does not mix with the common herd at all, and takes his gallops entirely alone. George West is now over six years old, but there is probably no steeplechase horse living in this country that in his fourth and fifth years won as many great contests as he has done, and will be won by Adelaid of that fast old mare, Katie Hayes. He came into Mr. Domine's possession when a three-year-old, and after running on the flat for some time with moderate speed, was in the fall, of the same year tried across country. He was very successful, and in his four-year-old form won no less than eight of the sixteen races he started for. It was, however, as a five-year-old that he became most famous, and when Hugh Gaffney on his back, was by far the most considered invincible. That year he won no less than eleven races, and in his fifth year, when he was in the hands of Bullett and Limestone, the hard work attending the training for thirteen races and winning eleven of them was too great, and the gallant horse was brought back to Pimlico last fall in badly used-up condition. During the winter he improved greatly, and at one time this spring it was thought that he would be able to run again, but his legs could not stand the severity of the course of training imposed on him in the stable, and was passed to the racing days George West defeated at one time all the great steeplechase horses in the country. The most widely known horse beaten by him were Duffy, Milesian, Blind Tom, Limestone, Bullett, and Jack the Barber. During one of George West's greatest races his rider fell off in crossing a water pump in the first half mile of the contest, but the horse kept on taking hurdles, ditches, and walls in fine style, and secured a second place after running a mile and a half without a rider and without going off the course. As he was not ridden to the string, however, the judges did not give him a place.

A STRANGE STORY.

[From the Warwick (N. Y.) Advertiser, July 1.]

In the fall of 1861 Sylvanus Quackenbush, a thriving farmer residing near Warwick, went to New York with a drove of cattle, which he disposed of at auction. He returned to northern New Jersey to purchase some sheep. At Paterson he was met by George W. Sanford, to whom he paid \$200, which was the last seen of him. His friends afterward traced him to New York, where he had disposed of the sheep purchased in New Jersey, and ascertained that he had been murdered for his money, as it was certain that he had been between \$3,000 and \$5,000 with him at the time.

About five years ago his wife received a letter from some one in the West, stating that he was there sick. As Mrs. Quackenbush had been left penniless after the settlement of his estate, and once before had swindled her (or her friends) of some two hundred dollars, by representing that he had died at some distant place and left considerable property, no attention was paid to the letter.

On the 1st of January, 1866, Mr. Quackenbush put in an appearance on the Warwick Valley railroad train, bound to the scenes of his younger days, and got off at Sugar Loaf, where his relatives live, and near which place his wife had taken up her residence. He says that he remained there, dicing with his wife, until the next he knew he found himself in Saint Louis in the middle of winter—fully three months later. From that time he was held by men sometimes by one and at other times by two, who wished to seize him. He had evidently been confined in a lunatic asylum a portion of the time since he has been away, and at other times he has been in jail, but his stories are wandering and difficult to trace.

From what he says he has traveled through most of the Western and Southern States, working when his health would permit, at other times being under confinement. He is pronounced insane

by physicians who have seen him, and the opinion in that regard is that he is.

float, never go deeper than pressed by the rod, and be sure and rise with the pressure."

Minnie then opened her box, which contained a large number of butterflies which she had collected, and displayed their richly-variegated wings; Paul cast over a bag of nuts, and Fred took more pride than all the rest in a family of gray squirrels which he had captured to carry home. Success was on the march but Uncle Joe's who was on the gaskets, pumps constantly going, pumping up coffee and discolored water, the men lashed and standing up to their armpits in water. The morning after the hurricane John Williams, a seaman, had a shock of palsy, caused by fright during the hurricane, his left arm being paralyzed. In a month, by constant bathing, he recovered the use of his arm. We remained 17 days between lat. 1 to 3 N., it raining in torrents most of the time. Z. Peterson, Peter Wegren and H. Logan, men, became blind as the sun went down their sight returning as it rose again. Not able to account for the cause.

BREEDING AND MANAGEMENT OF FARM HORSES.

From what has been already written on this subject in the Inter-Ocean, it is very evident that it requires more than ordinary experience in order to select a suitable male for breeding purposes.

Such a horse should not only be free from all blemish, and vice, but should also be possessed of the qualifications which are most likely to produce a breed of horses suitable for agricultural purposes. The horse should be of a large, strong, and powerful, and yet compact, standing perhaps nearly sixteen hands high, and yet comparatively short in the legs, so as to deceive a bystander with regard to his height. There is no point more desirable than that the horse should appear smaller than he really is; it is at once a sure proof that the animal is symmetrically formed. However, we take it for granted that the stallion is a fine, handsome animal, and these qualities will be more useful—which point out the defects that may co-exist with him. In this application, first, we may notice that to which a large coarse-bred horse are so very much predisposed, the possession of large ring bones on the pastures. It is scarcely possible to find a suitable horse entirely free from this defect, but we should at any rate select one that is the least objectionable, and reject altogether a horse that is lame from such causes. The hock is a most important joint, being severely called upon in the act of progression, particularly in draught, and consequently liable to strains. The existence of any disease of this joint, whether it be spavins, or hock, should therefore be avoided, as it would immediately shorten the life of the animal.

Fred, who had returned with Minnie's abandoned apparel, urged that Uncle Joe should explain this, for he wanted to know what sort of life was like "down there." Minnie responded, "It is perseverance—a quality more valuable than gold, for gold gives luxury, perseverance gives success. Gold is the rich man's capital—perseverance is the poor boy's fund. The rich man's child glides along like a feather on the surface of the stream, while the child that opens its eyes to poverty is ever being pulled down to water; but perseverance, like that float, makes it rise again. Poverty is that cold, frosty, damp, and dreary world, too cold for us to live in; while perseverance, like that float, gives us energy, like the sun, to live in."

Great amusement that, said I, "for one so old. It might do for a chap disappointed in matrimony."

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94 month 47 1/2 96 1/2	96 1/2 98 1/2	20.00
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96 month 48 1/2 98 1/2	98 1/2 100 1/2	20.00
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104 month 52 1/2 106 1/2	106 1/2 108 1/2	20.00
105 month 52 3/4 107 1/2	107 1/2 109 1/2	20.00
106 month 53 1/2 108 1/2	108 1/2 110 1/2	20.00
107 month 53 3/4 109 1/2	109 1/2 111 1/2	20.00
108 month 54 1/2 110 1/2	110 1/2 112 1/2	20.00
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116 month 58 1/2 118 1/2	118 1/2 120 1/2	20.00
117 month 58 3/4 119 1/2	119 1/2 121 1/2	20.00
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124 month 62 1/2 126 1/2	126 1/2 128 1/2	20.00
125 month 62 3/4 127 1/2	127 1/2 129 1/2	20.00
126 month 63 1/2 128 1/2	128 1/2 130 1/2	20.00
127 month 63 3/4 129 1/2	129 1/2 131 1/2	20.00
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131 month 65 3/4 133 1/2	133 1/2 135 1/2	20.00
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133 month 66 3/4 135 1/2	135 1/2 137 1/2	20.00
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135 month 67 3/4 137 1/2	137 1/2 139 1/2	20.00
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Chaska Valley Herald.

L. DU TOIT & CO., Publishers.

CHASKA. MINNESOTA

THE NEWS.

Crimes.

A serious riot occurred in Lawrence, Mass., on the 12th inst., on the occasion of the one hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. A mob of Catholics attacked about a dozen Orangemen and their families, as they were returning from a picnic. The party took refuge in the police station, after nearly every member of them had received some injury, and the Mayor sent for. By this time the mob, which then numbered 200, had passed to the homes and was fired for half a mile by the mob. Several policemen were badly injured by bricks, in attempting to conduct the party home, when they drew their revolvers and with a few effective shots dispersed the mob. No one was killed, but many were wounded.

A council of Baptist clergy in Philadelphia after considering charges of impudent conduct to certain ladies on the part of Rev. Mr. Bott, fully acquitted him.

A well dressed man entered a private residence in New York the other day, stating that he was a military inspector, and finding an old lady the only occupant of the premises, shocked her until insensible, when he robbed her of a gold watch and a sum of money.

Very few have forgotten the "Mountain Meadow Massacre," in Utah, some years ago, in which a large number of immigrants were murdered by the Mormons, as was supposed. A man named Lee has been charged with the crime, also a man named Dame. Lee has turned States evidence, and the trial has commenced. Lee became satisfied that the Mormons were preparing to sweep the entire responsibility upon him, in order to shield Dame and other members of the Mormon church, subsequently he will tell all he knows. The Mormon will accuse congregating in large numbers.

A Memphis man, who was shot in the neck, through the chest, and through the arm on the 11th, was on the streets three days after, as lively as a flea.

A white man and a negro were lynched in Florida for rape, and the coroner's verdict was, "Hanged by parties unknown, and served them right."

A distressing case of infanticide is reported in Moline, Ill. A Belgian girl gave birth to a child which she killed by blow behind the ear after which the body was buried in a Catholic cemetery.

A man named Potter, in Raleigh, N. C., last winter murdered his wife and infant child, and cut up their bodies joint by joint, cleaning and scraping the bones. He attempted to burn the mutilated remains, but finally buried them in a swamp, where they have just been found. A good opportunity for Judge Lynch.

A chap stole a kiss from a fifteen year-old girl, at Carrollton, Ill., and left town on the next train. He was arrested and brought back and barely escaped lynching by an infuriated mob. A fine of thirty dollars was the result of the court's investigation.

Ten of the most notorious horse thieves in Kansas broke jail and escaped on the 10th.

Two Indians of Red Cloud's band were lately killed by soldiers, and the Black Hills negotiations seriously interrupted, in consequence.

While a Pittsburgh family was at dinner, the thief entered the mother's sleeping room and got away with \$2,000 worth of diamonds. Wear your diamonds while at dinner.

Geo. N. Jackson, deputy collector of Louisville, Ky., committed suicide on the 16th. His being a defaulter to the extent of some \$45,000 indicates that he had been engaged in the collection of his debts or to give his family the benefit of a \$12,000 life insurance.

Hon. Wm. R. Foster, chief justice of the circuit court of New Hampshire, was shot in the arm while riding in a Pullman car past Meriden station. It is thought the shot was fired by a tramp from the depot platform.

Boss Tweed has asked for and obtained an order for a bill of particulars in the new suit against him.

Bill Wray, a notorious burglar of Chicago, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

The Cherokee nation is engaged in a canvas for the election of a judicial chief. Sixteen men and women have already been murdered by participants in the contest, and the excitement is growing stronger.

The third of the Indians express robbers has been arrested and identified.

Cannabis.

An unknown man and woman forty-five and fifty years of age, respectively, were found drowned at Waukegan III.

Southern Ohio has been having a midsummer flood. The rivers overflowed their banks, and got on a high tide generally.

A disastrous fire occurred at Monongahela City, Pa., on the 13th, by which a pluming mill, stock, valued at \$60,000 was destroyed.

Prof. Davidson, the "balloon man" traveling with Prof. T. R. T. from circus grounds in Chicago on the 16th. The balloon ascended to a height of over 4,000 feet, drifted over Lake Michigan and was soon out of sight. The latest information received of that night was that a schooner saw the balloon, some thirty miles north of Chicago.

From Abroad.

The Spanish news continues to be unfavorable to the Carlists. Many are taking refuge in France, and now the insurrection is confined to the mountains.

The Mexican robbers are still operating on the Texas frontier.

The Chilean government is to pay the United States \$1,000,000 dollars for expenses in the arrest of Carl Vitz, which makes a total expense of 1,000,000 francs to that government.

The British house of commons passed the necessary bill of the Wales Indian visit.

Miscellaneous.

Gen. Frank B. Smith died on the 9th inst., at home in St. Louis.

All five dollar notes of the First and Third Traders' Bank of Chicago; the First National Bank of Paxton and the First National Bank of Canton, Ill., have been called in and notice given that no others will be issued by those banks, on account of counterfeits.

Fare is now but \$15 between New York and Chicago.

The radicals of England are protesting against the grant for the payment of the Prince of Wales' debts.

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Uncle Sam Wants an Old Debt Paid.

And now it looks as if the little Republic of Venezuela was to be put upon the rugged edge it will be remembered that Venezuela is indebted to the United States, the debt having originated in injuries to some of our citizens by the Venezuelan authorities, prior to 1868. The indebtedness has been the subject of special comment in the messages of the President to Congress, the last in his annual message of 1873, when he said:

"That government does not realize the number of obligations under that convention. There is reason to believe, however, that its hesitancy in recognizing them springs in part at least from the real difficulty in discharging them in connection with its obligations to other governments. The expediency of further forbearance on our part is believed to be worthy of your consideration." Since then our minister to Venezuela has been repeatedly instructed to urge the payment of deferred instalments, until at last the Venezuela government has consented to a compromise to do so, but claims the privilege of deferring the particular parties to whom the money shall be paid. To this our government will not consent. The proposition, apart from other considerations being contrary to the terms of the convention, the Venezuela government will be informed of the rejection of its proposition, and unless the money shall be paid

gradual letters from protestants and catholics.

The trial cost him \$75,000; it had also cost the prosecution a large sum, but they had no money to pay it. His speech elicited much laughter.

The first hole of new cotton was received at New Orleans on the 14th, one month in advance of last year. The cotton crop is first-class, in quantity and quality.

Professor Marsh having made serious charges against the Indian agent at Red Cloud agency, Commissioner Smith comes out with a hot reply, charging Marsh with falsifying to the utmost degree.

On the second day of the Saratoga regatta the Cornell University crew won the race.

Ex-Governor Fenno declines to allow the election to go on in connection with a congressional nomination.

Hon. A. H. Rice is regarded as the probable Republican nominee for Governor of Massachusetts.

The Pres'tential aspirants may be summed up at this time as follows: Democratic—T. A. Hendricks, A. G. Thurman, W. Allen, T. F. Bayard, J. S. Black, S. J. Tilden.—Republican—B. H. Bristow, O. P. Morton, E. B. Washburn, E. D. Morgan, H. Wilson, J. H. Blaine.

The debt of all the railroad companies of the United States exceeds the National debt by \$1,000,000,000, though there may be passed to the homes was filled for half a mile by the mob. Several policemen were badly injured by bricks, in attempting to conduct the party home, when they drew their revolvers and with a few effective shots dispersed the mob. No one was killed, but many were wounded.

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A well dressed man entered a private residence in New York the other day, stating that he was a military inspector, and finding an old lady the only occupant of the premises, shocked her until insensible, when he robbed her of a gold watch and a sum of money.

German has been taken secret soundings in Swedish waters, and a Copenhagen dispatch says an explanation will be demanded of King William.

A correspondent of the New York Herald confirms Prof. Jenks' statement that Black Hills, South Dakota, are several thousand feet high, and it has been pretty effectively demonstrated that there is not sufficient gold in the hills to enable a man to afford costly machinery to make the wages of even a common laborer. He considers the dangers from starvation and Indians very great, and advises all who are still within the bounds of civilization to remain there.

The Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Minnesota railroad has gone into the hands of Gen. Winslow, as receiver.

The new post law is to be tested, constitutionally. The prosecution holds that the law is unconstitutional, and the old rules on newspaper and other packages, is all that can be rightly charged.

The Baltimore American has been sued by the Maryland Board of Public Works, for \$60,000 for alleged libel.

Commercial Matters.

St. Paul, July 17.—Wheat \$1.02@1.05.

Corn dull \$1.02@1.05; on track; 7@72¢ from stock; 6@6@5¢ from store.

Flour—Trade continues to be quite active for low grades and medium qualities of XXX and XXX. Dealers report a very satisfactory trade in this line the past ten days. Quotations—XXX \$2.50@4.00; XXX \$1.50@2.75; patent process \$7.00@9.00; flour \$2.50@4.75; Patent flour 7.5@8.00. Oat meal \$5.00@6.00.

Butter—Choice marks of even color is freely offered \$1.15@1.60; second selections 12.5@14¢; common grades shipping 10@12¢.

Meats—Market firm and prices steady; 11¢

lamb; 15¢@16¢; second cuts 12.5@14¢; No. 1 lamb 16¢@17¢.

Minneapolis, July 16:

9@10 a. m.—Liverpool opens firmer and 2¢ higher. Wheat here unsettled; No. 1 \$1.90@1.95; No. 2 \$1.19; July 17; August \$1.15; No. 1 hard \$1.21. Receipts 16,095 bushels; shipments 17,070 bushels.

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New York, July 16:

10 a. m.—Wheat quiet at \$1.14 for August and \$1.19@1.20; 11@12¢ for September. Corn 16@17¢ for July; 7@8¢ for August and 7@8¢ for September. Oats firm at 48¢ for July; 37@40¢ for August and 35@40¢ for September.

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New York, July 16:

10 a

POETRY.

THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH DAY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

The merry birds are singing,
And from the fragrant sod
The spirits of a thousand flowers
Do sweetly sing to me;
With the Holy temple
We meet to praise and pray,
With cheerful voice and grateful lay,
Thus summer Sabbath day!

We thank thee, Lord, for one day
To look heaven in the face!
The poor have only Sunday;
The rich have all the day;
Tis then they make the music
That sings their week away;
O, there's a sweetness infinite
In the Poor Man's Sabbath day.

Tis as a burst of sunshine,
A tender call of rain;
Tis the bright life abloom,
Makes old hearts young again.
The dry and dusty roadside
With smiling flowers gay;
Tis open heaven out at play—
The Poor Man's Sabbath day!

Tis here the wearisome pilgrimage
Doth reach his Home of Ease!
That blessed house called "Beautiful,"
And that soft, charming room,
Tis the bright dreams through his dream,
And the leaves of heaven all at play!
He sees the Golden City gleam,
This shining Sabbath day!

Take heart, ye faint and fearful;
Your cross with courage bear;
So many a fainting here;
Small a name in story there,
Where all the sorrow is banished,
The tears are wiped away,
And all eternity shall be
An endless Sabbath day!

MISCELLANY.

HULDY'S YOUNG MAN.
"So! I see Huldy Blare's young man as I come up the lane," Said Mrs. Mallet, "a-leaving in at her keeping-room window as cosy as you please! An unkinmon smart-looking chap. Eh, Cyrus?"
"Do tell!" spoke up sister Jane. "Is Huldy Blare thinking about a beau at her time of life? Rather late in the day."

"Never too late to menu," said Cyrus facetiously. Now Cyrus had been sweet upon Huldy all his days; but latterly there had arisen a coolness between them. Huldy wanted him to study law, while he had set his heart upon filling the pulpit at Rowley, and settling down soberly with Huldy at the parsonage. There had been a quarrel, and Huldy had gone away on a visit, to be followed on her return by the aforesaid young man. Nobody knew exactly where he had jilted Cyrus, or where he had changed his mind. Only Jane suspected, and Mrs. Mallet thought she'd heard words one night, when she went to Huldy, before raising the knocker. Miss Mallet always made it a rule to stand on the doorstep for a few minutes before knocking, in order to collect herself, and whatever unguarded words might float outward from her neighbors' lips.

"Yes, Huldy is the chicken," pursued Miss Mallet. "Lemme see; her folks was married forty-nine year come Thanksgiving time, and Huldy's the plain. She don't see no other young man must be considerably younger."

"Younger! Dear me! I did think Huldy had more dignity. I'd like to see a boy proposing to me!"

"Hon'ty-tu! I dare say you would Jane Allan," laughed the visitor.

"There ain't nothing in the Scriptures agin it. Eh, Cyrus?"

"Against a boy proposing to Jane?"

"Cyrus, how can you be so frivolous? You a clergymen! Dear me, what can D—."

HULDY'S YOUNG MAN.
"I suppose he's a much a hump. Miss Mallet," laughed Huldy. "I'll let you know when I'm going to be married in good season to have the cake done through. So they think I oughtn't marry such a young man, do they?" the thorn raking.

"Law! I wouldn't let that hinder you, you huldy." If anything should persuade Huldy from the match, it was plain there would be no cake to bake. "Let them laugh as wins. The Allans, to be sure, turned up their noses at us, and Jane, and Miss Higgins, she laughed as though she'd die when I pointed her out to her. 'That Huldy's young man!' says she. 'Do tell, has she took that child to bring up for the better or worse?' But, law! if you're satisfied, and the cake's got a good bake, there ain't nobody hurt."

Next day when Huldy dropped into Mr. Luche's store for some trifles, he seized the opportunity to tell her that he had received some choice silks, he could offer her at a bargain. "Real bridal silks, Miss Blare." And Miss Pucker, the dressmaker, refused several custom-orders, in order to be in readiness to make Huldy's wedding gown.

But the world wasn't made in a day, and you young man seemed in no hurry. The neighborhood, indeed, had hardly grown familiar with their goings and comings, when a young lady appeared to vary the scene. It was nothing new for Huldy to go to visit her aunt, but every one decided that this particular visit was ill-timed. And when Huldy's young man had waited enough sympathy on Huldy Blare to find an hospital, you see.

"How could you play us such an unneighborly trick, Miss Huldy?" says I afterward, "and keep us so long in the outer darkness?" We did a sight of worrying for you that we might have been spared if we'd only known he wasn't your young man."

"I never said he was my young man," said she, a-laughing. "You drew your own conclusions."

"Yes, thinks I, I drew my own conclusions from hanging round the round window. And just then Cyrus Allan came in, and Miss Mallet, says he, joking like, 'I thought it was a pity to leave Miss Huldy without her young man, after all the talk, and disappointing the neighbors too, and I've kindly volunteered to take his place, and show her what he was for the best,' so you'll have to take care of the whole parish!" And Huldy blushed like a rose in June, as pretty as if she'd bin sixteen; but, you see, she's got her young man, after all, if he's a minister, and she don't seem no ways sorry." —*Harper's Bazaar.*

"Oh, Cyrus means the Dr. Johnson who wrote *Dictionary*," corrected Jane.

"Law! I don't know nothing about him. I never see his wife, neither."

"Well, I continued Jane, with Huldy still heavy on her mind. "I'm willing folks should marry their grandmothers if they want to be. I must say I'm disappointed in Huldy."

"And I shouldn't wonder if Cyrus was too!"

"I guess he won't be to be calling round to Huldy's now; she seems to be already under conviction."

And to Cyrus' jaundiced eyes she did indeed appear content and happy, as he watched her strolling among the beds of larkspur and love-lies-bleeding, with her young man, and when they met, she plucked a carnation for his button-hole, and leaped on his arm as if it belonged to her, the heart of Cyrus stood still, and he didn't feel in the least like practicing what he was about to preach. Neither could he help acknowledging as they stood together in the paling light that the young man had a tacking way with him, and that Huldy herself looked his peer, with her sparkling colors and pretty coquettices—that there would always be something girlish about her were she 90 odd.

"It was almost twilight, when Huldy closed the garden gate between herself and her young man, who bent and kissed her hand as he withdrew. She was still lingering there, while the stars blossomed overhead, when Cyrus himself passed by, hesitated, and returned to the gate.

"A fine evening," he said, "I suppose it isn't too late for a little visitation. Huldy?" she gave a start that shook all the dew from the sprigs bush at her elbow.

"Better late than never," she returned in a minute. "Congratulations are always welcome, you know."

"I don't know anything about it; I was never congratulated."

"Oh, but you will be; I shall congratulate you on your first sermon!"

"Pardon; I did not mean to speak of myself; and then, I doubt if you ever hear a sermon of mine."

"Oh!" sharply, "are you going for a missionary?" If Cyrus could have seen the face that grew red and convulsed at the fear, he would have felt appalled; but he quickly hid it.

"No; only you would not be here to profit by my pastoral instructions. Well Huldy, don't suppose that I judge you your happiness."

"I'm sure you needn't."

"I'd rather you had it than I, since it has been shown that we couldn't both share it together."

"Thank you, I dare say you'll find your own share yet."

"I don't, I suppose, say. There are plenty in the world that get on without it, I suppose. Good-night, Huldy."

"Good-night. But—Cyrus?"

"Did you speak?" turning back.

"No," (hastily). "Here comes Miss Mallet. Good-night."

"You don't say that your young man leaves as early as this?" queried that personage; "just on the edge of the evening too. My stars! when I was young things was different. But, law! law's wasn't so ready to snap at a husband as nowadays! Men were thicker 'n flies in July, and now they're skeers as good as summer."

"Won't you come in and make it up to me?" asked Huldy, laughing.

"Wa'al, I don't care if I do. I suppose he won't be back. He's a likely-looking chap enough, but Jane and Cyrus don't think you'd oughter be marrying such a young fellow. But I tell 'em it won't matter a hundred years hence."

"Did Cyrus say so?" asked Huldy.

"Him and Jane had a good deal to say. I don't rightly remember the words on 't. They were a pair, you know, when engaged in love. I suppose they'll be thinking about wedding-cakes before long?" Miss Mallet always baked the wedding cake for the people of Rowley. "I thought I'd better speak early, as I'd always been for the family, and I know you wouldn't want a new hand-a-mixing it. And there's the bride-cake. You might order the butter and eggs and fruits all together, or raps I could do it as I go home and save you the trouble. Scales & Wright keep open till 9 mostly, and I could get a good bake on it early in the morning."

"I'll need to get a much a hump. Miss Mallet," laughed Huldy. "I'll let you know when I'm going to be married in good season to have the cake done through. So they think I oughtn't marry such a young man, do they?" the thorn raking.

"Law! I wouldn't let that hinder you, you huldy." If anything should persuade Huldy from the match, it was plain there would be no cake to bake. "Let them laugh as wins. The Allans, to be sure, turned up their noses at us, and Jane, and Miss Higgins, she laughed as though she'd die when I pointed her out to her. 'That Huldy's young man!' says she. 'Do tell, has she took that child to bring up for the better or worse?' But, law! if you're satisfied, and the cake's got a good bake, there ain't nobody hurt."

He went through the ceremony as if he had been wound up for the purpose, once raising his eyes to the bride's party were to pose; and presently there was a portentous rustling and murmuring in the hall, and Cyrus caught sight of a cloud of tulle and a confused panorama of faces, from amid which Huldy's shoes shone like a fixed star, before he dropped his eyes upon his prayer-book and began his service with a countenance as white as snow.

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THE WEEKLY VALLEY HER-
ALD—Rates of Advertising.

Space, 1 w. 2 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 year.
1 inch 75 1.25	2.00	4.00	8.00	10.00
2 inch 25 2.00	3.25	6.00	12.00	14.00
3 inch 75 2.75	4.00	7.50	15.00	18.00
4 inch 2.00	3.25	5.00	10.00	12.00
5 inch 75 4.25	7.00	12.50	25.00	28.00
6 inch 1.00	1.50	3.00	6.00	8.00
7 inch 1.00	1.50	3.00	6.00	8.00
8 inch 0.00	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50

Legal advertisements, 75 cents per folio,
first insertion, and 35 cents each subsequent
insertion. Payment required on delivery of
advertisements.

A legal folio is 500 ems solid matter.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one inser-
tion.

Transient advertisements payable in advance.

The Weekly Valley Herald.

A. L. DU TOIT & CO., Proprietors.

VOLUME 13

CHASKA, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1875

TERMS, \$1.50 Per Annum.

NUMBER 49

The Valley Herald

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BAXTER & CHILD,

Attorneys at Law

CHASKA MINN.

L. L. BAXTER. H. A. CHILD.

J. W. ARCTANDER,

Attorney at Law.

Brackets Block, Rooms 6 & 7,

MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA.

has opened a branch office in Chaska, with
Judge Sargent, where he can be found every
Saturday.

DEUTSCHE WIRD UESPROCHEN.

MR. ARCTANDER ER STEINER ADOVAT.

DR. J. S. RICHARDSON

ECLECTIC,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

CHASKA Minn.

OFFICE OPPOSITE THE OLD CATH. CHURCH.

Offers his services to the surrounding country,
and is prepared to treat thoroughly all Chronic
diseases—Especially Liver and Lung diseases.

A. C. LASSEN.

Notary Public.

WACONIA MINN.

Mr. Will acknowledge and make out Deeds,
Mortgages &c., at all times. Charges reason-
able.

W. SCHMIDT.

FRED RICHTER.

SCHMIDT and RICHTER.

PORTERS & WHOLESALE

DEALERS IN

WINES & LIQUORS.

No. 17 & 19, Sibley St.

ST. PAUL MINN.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1855.

FINCK & THEOBALD.

Wholesale Dealer in

Liquors & Wines,

Direct Importers of

RHINE WINES,

513 Third St., between Exchange and Eagle
Streets.

ST. PAUL MINN.

J. C. OSWALD.

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Bourbon and Rye Whis-
kie, Brandies, Gins,
Wines and Cigars.

No. 8, Pease Opera House,

MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

HILL GRIGGS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Wood & Coal

[St. Paul Minn.]

We have on hand the largest and best

FUEL

Ever offered for sale in the city, at prices

DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN MATHEIS,

CARPET

HOUSE.

Carpets!

Wall Papers and Window Shades,

Damask, Lace and Muslin

Curtains.

To the trade throughout the State,

we can furnish Goods in our line cheaper
than ever before offered by any house
in the state.

—Salesroom No. 44 and 46 W. Third
Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Fletcher, Loring & Eys.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS

CLOTHING, &c.

17 Masonic Block, Nicollet Avenue, op-
posite the Post Office. Oldest House and
largest stock in the city.

Minneapolis Marble Works

N. HERRICK & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES &c.

Corner of Nicollet St. Between 3d & 4th Sts.

Goods delivered and sent by one of the best

HOME LOCALS.

Personal.—Judge Warner, of
Carver, made us a pleasant call on Mon-
day while in town on business.

County Attorney Hinlin, of Water-
town has been in town and in attendance
upon the Board of County Com-
missioners this week.

M. S. Ludwig, of Minneapolis East,
dealer in Musical Instruments &c., has
been in town for the past week. Mr. L.
is agent for some of the best instruments
manufactured and has disposed of sever-
al in this town.

R. A. Irvin, Dr. Nathan and Char-
ley Hooper, three of Belle Plaine's most
enterprising and genial citizens, made
Chaska and Lake Minnetonka a visit
last week. They say they had a good
time and will repeat the trip.

We are pleased to hear that Judge
Chaffield is improving in health and able
to drive out. We hope to see him on
the bench soon.

Conductor Jones' lady has returned
to town after a protracted visit to her
parents up the Minnesota Valley.

WHO WILL ANSWER?

Some 15 months ago, the brewery
business of Messrs. Ludwig & Nogel,
passed into the hands of a receiver by
order of the Court. The creditors of
the said firm think sufficient time has
elapsed since the appointment of said
receiver, for a settlement of the debts
of the said firm. Will somebody in au-
thority please inform us when said set-
tlement will take place? We pause for
an answer.

F. E. D.

AUGUST FLOWERS.

The most miserable beings in the
world are those suffering from dyspepsia
and Liver Complaint.

More than seventy-five per cent of
the people in the United States are af-
flicted with these two diseases and their
effect; such as sour stomach, sick head-
ache, habitual costiveness, impure blood,
heartburn, waterbrash, gnawing and
burning pains at the pit of the stomach
yellow skin coated tongue and disagree-
able taste in the mouth, coming up of
the food after eating, low spirits, &c.
Go to the Drug Store of Franken and
Staken and get a 15 cent bottle, or a sam-
ple bottle for 10 cents. Try it

BOTH KILLED.

How Two Southern Gentlemen
Vowed a Vow and Kept it.

The Statesman, of Austin, Texas,
says: From Serrin comes the news of
the final of a fearful tragedy, and we
are able to gather the following details
in regard to it. Dr. Mallette and Man-
ning were both practicing physicians in
the same neighborhood, and had been
living there for several years. Some
little professional jealousies sprang up
between them, and Mallette, in time,
began to talk about the other doctor in
what was regarded as an unjustifiable
manner. He did not say it is said, con-
fined his remarks about Manning in a
professional capacity alone, but had pla-
ced him in a wrong social light before others,
and had also indulged in reflec-
tions upon the character of a near
relative of Manning. Manning si-
mply called upon Mallette to give an ex-
planation of his course, which resulted
in an agreement between them to fight.
They went to a store, selected each of
them a butcher knife, and then seeking
an open place commenced a war of
knives. The knives, in their virgin purity,
did their work well but before either
were mortally wounded they were
separated, Mallette wobbling in his
gore, and Manning a wreck of his former
self. Though separated, and death
in Manning's case, appearing imminent,
a fearful vengeance was mutually vowed
upon the spot and faithfully kept, as
the sequel shows.

Mr. Sharon of Nevada was as-
sessed on the San Francisco tax roll for
\$50,000, personal property, but he ap-
peared before the board of equalization
and asked for a reduction on the ground
that he was a citizen of Nevada, and
paid taxes there upon more than \$500,
000, of property. The Virginia Chroni-
cicle however rebuts Mr. Sharon's state-
ment by reference to the tax list of St. Louis
county. Mr. Sharon's home which
shows that his whole assessment in that
state does not exceed \$5,000.

—MATT CARPENTER.

New Haven (Conn.) Union.

Ex-Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin,
could not give a higher compliment than
that paid him by the authorities in New
York who have retained him to assist
in the prosecution of Tweed. It does
not seem curious that Charles O'Connor and
Wheeler H. Peckham, with their num-
erous assistants, cannot get along with-
out going to Wisconsin, but Tweed has
employed men of great ability to defend
him, and it is not easy to find "Men
worthy of their steel." Mr. Carpenter,
however, is in some respects the most
brilliant lawyer of this generation, and
years hence some of his constitutional
efforts will rank with the productions of

Daniel Webster.

—WAR RELICS.

An ancient dark was observed gath-
ering up a basket of bones in the rear of a
boardinghouse the other day, and when
asked what use he intended to put them to,
he replied: "Dore's lots of Northern
chaps walkin' around hean' an' axing
for relief of do war, an' Ise gonna
please de crowd if it takes all de beef
bones from doah in Vicksburg."

—The Republican State convention

yesterday nominated the following tick-

et: For Gov. J. S. Pillsbury, Lieut.

Gov. J. B. Wadsworth, Sec. of State J. S.

Irons; Auditor O. P. Whitecomb; Treas.

Wm. Upton; Atty. Gea. Geo. P.

Wilson; Clerk Supreme Court Sam.

Nichols; R. C. Corr. A. Gillman.

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The Valley Herald.

Deutsch's Departement.

Redakteur: John Reiter.

Chaska Valley Herald.

I. DU TOIT & CO., Publishers.

CHASKA. MINNESOTA

THE NEWS.

Critics.

The whisky manufacturers have become thoroughly frightened. They held a meeting in Washington, on the 10th, to obtain, if possible, a little longer time to pay their fines or inflict a punishment. The manufacturers have a more or less selling of the distilled liquors, which soon brought them to terms. Secretary Bristol is immovable. He says he is in no way responsible for their ruin. Some of them are so badly affected that they are trying to drown their sorrows in drink.

The stoutest excitement prevails at Beaver, Utah, regarding the prosecution of the Mountain Meadow murderer, and the sheriff has organized a force to prevent all attempts to cripple the trial or release prisoners charged with the crime.

Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana, has addressed a letter to the attorney general, in which he has given charges against some of the State officers.

John D. Lee, the Mountain Meadow murderer, has made his confession, in which he says the murder was committed in pursuance of an order from the head of the Mormon Church.

Leader, the perjurer, has been admitted to bail in the sum of \$2,500.

Young Pomeroy, the boy murderer of Boston, attempted an escape from jail recently, by digging out the bricks in his cell, with a piece of iron wash basin. Letters found in his cell show his family ingeniously described his plans. The Governor had not yet fixed the date of his trial.

A family feud in Alabama, resulted in a pitched battle between two fathers, with two sons on each side. The result was the killing of five of them and fatally wounding the sixth.

Another negro brute met his just reward at a rope's end, in Memphis, on the 21st.

The jury for the trial of Lee, the Mountain Meadow murderer, consists of two Mormons to each gentile, and the Mormons seem to living in the vicinity from ten to twenty years, and never hearing of the murder.

A dispatch from St. Louis speaks of the killing of John Brown by John Berry as "justifiable homicide."

An outrages assault upon the wife of the latter in the cause.

Two negroes, in Atlanta, Ga., named Kelvin and Graves, became involved in a quarrel, which resulted in the latter having a hatchet in the head of the former.

CASUALTIES.

A tornado killed an entire family near Hesler, Pa., on the 18th. That region has lately been visited with more severe rain, hail and wind storms. Still greater destruction was apprehended by the great rise of water in all the streams.

John Gurung and Mrs. Sloan were drowned while attempting to cross a creek near Holden, Missouri.

It is now pretty certain that the summits, Donaldson and Grinwood, perished in Lake Michigan. A reward has been offered for the recovery of their bodies, and a tug boat has commenced the search.

A three story building in Cincinnati was burned on the 20th, and when the fire was under full headway an explosion of gas blew down the walls, killing two men and seriously injured the chief of the fire department and several others. Loss of property sixty thousand dollars.

A terrible accident occurred, at Newark, Ohio, on the 20th, resulting in a serious and perhaps fatal burning of numerous persons. A building had been erected for the purpose of testing a fire extinguisher, and it was thoroughly saturated with kerosene. It prematurely took fire during the preparations, and an explosion followed, sadly burning D. C. Winegrad, mayor; Hon. J. B. Jones, Chas. Hamilton, street commissioner; a bridge contractor from Toledo, and some fifteen others. Some are thought to have been killed.

A cooking tank in a paper mill at Iowa City exploded on the 23d, causing the explosion of three others. Six men were instantly killed, three of them were blown five hundred feet into the houses. The wife of one of the unfortunate men and the mother of another were reported dying with grief.

Forty-nine persons were burned in the Newark, Ohio, disaster. One of the victims died.

The flood from the Ohio river has caused some damage to cotton on low lands in the lower Mississippi valley.

A late fire at Charleston, S. C., destroyed some \$200,000 worth of property.

FROM ABROAD.

Lady Franklin died on the 19th at her home in England.

A Turkish rebellion, of considerable proportions, took place in the city of the 1st of August.

A special from Vienna says Prussia and Russia will grant military furloughs on a large scale next year, and Austria is urged to follow their example, and prove that the alliance between the three emperors is worth something.

A dispatch from Manitoba, dated the 23d, says there was intense excitement produced by reports from Fort Carlton of an uprising of half-breeds and Indians. The press there is denied full particulars, but it is certain that another rebellion has broken out there, and that the Indians with the help of the Cree Indians have taken possession of Fort Carlton and established a provisional government. It is said that a number of mounted police have been killed in an engagement.

At the Wimbledon, Eng., rifle match, between the Irish, English and Scotch teams, the Irish were winners. The range was 800 and 1,000 yards. Later in the day the Canadians beat the English in a match at 600 and 800 yards.

A member of the English Parliament, disappointed in the defeat of a shooting bill, placed a written protest on the table, which he invokes upon the members. All his colleagues, the wrath of God for all who perish at next winter's game, preventable cause.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The cutting of trees and logs, which has commenced in Southern Dakota, will produce an abundant supply. Twenty-five bushels per acre is the yield expected.

A vein of gas has been struck in an artesian well at Scierville, Ohio, and it is proposed to light the city of Portsmouth from it.

A rumor reached Chicago on the 15th that Donaldson and Grinwood, the aeronauts, alighted near Grand Haven, Michigan, on Sunday. A vessel arriving in Chicago on Sunday reported having seen a live preserve and near it a dead body, also what appeared to be a balloon, in lake Michigan, near the Michigan shore.

A special committee of the Connecticut legislature has reported favorably on a bill giving women the right to vote at the next Presidential election.

The supreme court of Connecticut has decided that the local option of the liquor license of the State is constitutional.

At a meeting of bankers at Saratoga resolutions were adopted favoring an immediate return to specie payments.

No Tangible Evidence of the Fate of Donaldson and Grinwood.

[Chicago Times, 21st.]

Five days have elapsed and no tidings yet from Donaldson and Grinwood. The last news of them is a long now in the breasts of their most valued friends; and the only wish they dare to entertain is that some breeze may float the bodies of the ill-fated aeronauts to the path of salvation; that the inanimate clay may be given to the bereaved friends, for the performance of the last, sad, funeral rites.

There is not a vessel that is sailing this coast of the sea, nor a hamlet on the eastern shore of the lake that is not keeping a sharp lookout for any signs of the lost air-ship and its hapless occupants. And yet no tangible evidence of their calamity has been received, though possibly it is within the reach of those vessels that sighted evidence of smoke or debris, failed to pick them up. But though nearly all have resigned the hope that the air-voyagers may have had a safe escape from threatened death, there is still a probability that something will yet be found which will tell, though imperfectly, the story of the last terrible moments. It will be weeks yet before the mariners of the lake and the dwellers of the shore relinquish their sharp scrutiny of beach and water, and if Lake Michigan is really the burying place of the balloon and its poor excursions, the whole must have sunk irrecoverably beneath the waters if something is not found to tell the tragic tale.

The impression is growing, based upon a more careful study of the winds of last Thursday, that the balloon could never have reached the eastern shore before the storm burst in its fury. There are some, however, who believe that the balloonists very likely reached the great pine wilderness of northern Michigan, where they probably met a terrible end from fatigue and exposure. Countless stories are in circulation of the ways in which the accident may have happened. It would be mere waste of space to detail these fanciful theories, which vary in horrid features according to the imaginative powers and morbid tendencies of the speculative mind. It is enough that nearly all agree that the worst has come in all human probability to Donaldson and Grinwood, and it would be well to avoid further speculation as to the exact manner of death until some token is found which will direct it into the right channel.

The price of wheat at \$1.15 at this point, at which figure considerable has been marketed to-day, considering the season of the year.

The Chicago Tribune of the 23d says: "Minnesota wheat was in very good demand and averaged fully 50¢ per bushel higher, with a steady feeling than that in the other markets. Sales were reported at \$1.50 bushels at \$1.32 for No. 1 and \$1.29 for No. 2."

The condition of the growing crops, July 1st, is thus summarized by the Department of Agriculture: Spring and winter wheat together is about 82 per cent. of an average. Winter wheat, including California, averages 74, and spring wheat 96. The spring wheat States in the Northeast and Northwest are generally in high condition. Of the winter wheat the average is 80, and the spring wheat 82, which is above the average. In the Middle States the condition is 74, and in the West 75.

Wheat \$1.12@1.15.

Corn \$0.70@0.80 on track, 70@75¢ from store, with fair request.

Oats fairly active at 50@55¢ on track, 60¢ from store.

Flour -XXX \$3.00@4; XXX \$4.00@5¢; patent process \$7@9. Rye \$2.60@2.75. Peas largely 7¢@8¢. Oatmeal \$5.00@6.

The provision market is generally active with fair prices, and all supplies well maintained. We are sure of stock at \$20.50@21; hams 18¢@14¢; shoulders 10@12¢; hind, hocks, 14¢@14¢; kidneys 10¢@12¢; lard, 10¢@12¢; hams 12@13¢, which figures receipts find a quick market.

Wheat, new factory, 7¢@9¢.

In but there is no change to note from previous quotations, quoicks of even corn being freely offered at 15@16¢; second section 12¢@14¢; common grades shipping 10¢@12¢.

The stock published yesterday morning about the finding of Donaldson near South Haven, Mich., in an encircled condition proves to be a canard, as the Times asserted that it probably was yesterday morning. The finding of the remains of the finding of balloons, the discovery of corpses, etc., but they have all proved to be the idiom of tales, spun by loafers who like to hear themselves talk, and told to keep the excitement at the calamity.

The inventor of a balloon from Baltimore to New York in one and a half hours, when the wind is favorable. The voyage by the balloon from New York to London is to be made in fifty hours. Mr. Schroeder states that if he is intrusted with the carrying of postal matter to Europe he can complete the route from New York to Hamburg, Paris, Lisbon and Washington in the space of six days. The whole vessel will weigh 2,800 pounds and is thought to be well adapted to the carrying of postal matter, fourteen passengers.

The inventor is thirty-eight years of age, having been born in 1837, in the Kingdom of Hanover. During the Crimean war, when seventeen years of age, he was appointed Lieutenant in the British service, and at the end of the war went with the British army to Africa, and took part in various engagements with the natives at the Cape of Good Hope. In 1858 he emigrated to America, entered the Union army during the late war, and has been a member of trips in the balloon "Saratoga" in Louisiana. After the war he traveled through South America. For the last three years he has been working at the invention for which he now possesses a patent.

Superstition Among the Makah Indians.

Indian Agent C. A. Huntington writes to the *Pacific Christian Advocate* of Portland, Oregon, from Neah Bay Indian Reservation, an account of the first Christian burial among the Makah tribe of Indians. He says:

The fear of a human corpse, the fear of being brought in contact with it, or with anything that has touched it, is absolutely pitiable, as it is seen among these Indians. A little girl connected with our mission school died this morning (June 14), and it was resolved to give her a Christian burial. The Indian mode is to remove the corpse of the premises instantly after the breath leaves the body, and as they have a superstition that if carried through the door of the house, it would bring bad luck. They also believe that if a person touches the body, he would have no life.

If the husband had reason to suspect or doubt the perfect fealty of his partner, he kept such a secret in his bosom, that he would not be allowed to speak of it to any but his wife.

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POETRY.

THRENODY.

"We would not call thee back,"—so let them say;

What the lips speak the bleeding heart denies;

My voice, dear friend, should call thee back, to me;

Could it but reach thy dwelling in the skies!

For we have need of thee; thy radiant smile
Lay like a sunbeam on this scene of care,
And weary burdens at thy touch erewhile
Were changed to burdens light as Summer air.

(The pupils need thee; for thy careful hand
Removed the thorns and scattered fragrant flowers;

And the young minds, beneath thy clear command,
Woke into conscious life their noblest powers.

Then newest us, Louis! in thy pathways bright
Far, from thy cities, thy feet have roved;

But thy new friends, among the sons of light,
Can never love thee more than we have loved.

Soul to its place, dust to its kindred dust!
Such is the law, and we will not complain.

But ever clear of Time's corroding rust,
Thy love we cherish 'till we meet again.

MISCELLANY.

TWO SIDES TO A BUREAU.

One Side.

[From Harper's Bazaar.]

When I turned round and she was coming in the door, I was so thought that was dreaming.

And then the Queen a-coming in, I shouldn't have been more surprised than the three children with faces like little pigs!

"Here you," whispered I to Benjamin Franklin, "you just go 'long and stick your face in some water, quick meter!" And give Johnny's a scribbling too!"

And I went the corner of my apron between my lips and rubbed Sue's mouth; and then I made believe I hadn't seen her before, and dusted the other chair for her; and she sat down and I sat down and we looked at one another.

"Lord! she was that fine, and when the Queen a-coming in, I shouldn't have been more surprised than the three children with faces like little pigs!"

"Well, I'm contented enough. This is, in general. But I do wish sometimes that Jim would go down to his work regular every day, with his tin pail, and his hand, like a miser, in his coat pocket, back at home, and have a big round sum of money in hand at once, instead of working just long enough to get some flour and fish and pork and potatoes and sugar, and then not so much as lifting his finger again till all that gives out; it's such a hand-to-mouth way of living," says I.

"And of course we can't get things together, such as a rocking-chair, and a sofa, and a good-sized looking-glass, and an eight-day clock. Not that I care much; only when a lady like you happens in I'd like to give her a seat and a sofa, and then a brooch. Now you don't believe it, but I've never owned a brooch."

"Indeed," says she.

"Yes, I don't think it's good manners to be always apologizing about the looks of a place; and so I say anything about all the boxes and bundles I have to keep my things in, that do give a literary look; but I am always meaning to have a bureau, to put them in, if I can compass it ever. You see, it's hard getting so much money in a pile; and it I do happen to, why then there's something I must have, like Jim's boots, or flannel and yarn cloth or a little bit, because you can't sleep when there's a child in one bed. So some how, I did feel so vexed that I gave him as good a shaking as a nut-tree gets in harvest."

"Bliss my heart!" says she, "what are you doing that for?"

"Because he's so aggravating," says I.

"There you go 'long," and I gave him a shove.

"Why," says she, "don't you remember how it used to feel to be shaken yourself?"

"I don't know as I do," says I.

"As if you were flying to atoms! And your body as powerless as if it had been the hands of a giant, and your heart as full of hate?"

"Why, look ahere," says I. "Be you a missionary?"

"A missionary?" says she, laughing.

"No; I'm Mr. Mulgrave's wife. And I came up to see how the new house was getting on; but the house is so full of plaster dust inside, and the whirlwind is blowing the things off the roof so outside, and I thought I would venture in here till the cloud passed.

"Oh," says I.

"I knowed but you didn't hear me."

"I'm glad to see you," says I.

"It's a dreadful lonesome place, and hardly anybody ever comes. Only I'm sorry everything's so at sices and sevens. You see, where there's a family of children, and the wind blowing so," says I, with a lucky thought—it was always good to have the wind or the weather to lay things to, because nobody's responsible for the elements—things will get to looking like ride-out."

"Children do make confusion," says she. "You comision is to entertain in them."

"Well, that's so," I answered; "for I used to think when John had the measles last year, I thought if he only got well I'd let him whittle the door all to pieces if ever he wanted to again. Here, Ben," says I, for I began to feel bad that I'd treated him so; if he'd mortified me 'twas no reason why I should mortify him and right before folks—so—"take that to little sister," and I gave them something to keep them quiet. "I suppose you wouldn't care for any water?" says I.

"Children would have made you dry. Yes, children to make trouble. Jim's sons says:

"Marriage does bring trouble;

"A single life is best;

"They should never be at rest."

But there you would not without them for all the fine clothes I used to wear when I was single and worked in the shop. I worked down at Barrage's—Sue, posse you never buy any shoes there?"

"What makes you suppose so?" says she, smiling.

"Well, because your boots don't look like our work; they look like—like Cinderella's slippers. Yes, I worked at Barrage's, off and on, a good many years—on most of the time. I had six dollars a week. Folks used to wonder how I got so many clothes with it, after I paid my board. But I always had that six dollars laid out before pay-day—in my mind, however, so that I spent it to the best advantage. There's a great deal of pleasure in that."

"A great deal," says she.

"That's what I say to Jim; and then he says his is all spent before pay-day too—but with a difference, you know. I suppose you've got a real good steady husband!"

"Oh yes, indeed," says she, laughing some more.

"You must, to have such a nice house as that, is going to be,"—so there I shouldn't know what to do with it, and I don't envy you a bit."

"Oh, you needn't say this, a-twink."

ing her shoulder; "I expect to have trouble enough with it."

"Not," says I, "it doesn't mean that Jim isn't steady. He's as steady as a clock—so that we hope he loved his regular trade. But I suppose if fiddling was his trade, he'd want to be wood-carving all the time."

"Why don't you speak to him," says she, "seriously?"

"Well, you can't," says I. He's so sweet, and good-natured and pleasant that when I've got my mind all made up to give him a sound talking to, he makes me like him so, and sets me to laughing, and plays with me, and makes me feel free with him, so that I can't do it to save my life."

"Well, steady, Frolic. Now let's have a lesson. Who's been reading my wife a lesson I should like to know?"

"Who do you think? Nobody but that little absurd woman there—that Mrs. Farnum. But I never had such a lesson. Drive slow, please, and let me tell you all about it—this horse does them the greatest good. I expect to see the spires fly out of the wheels. There now that's reasonable. This horse is a perfect griffin—he has legs and wings too."

"Well, steady, Frolic. If there's any one can read you a lesson, Mrs. Fanny Mulgrave, I should like to hear it."

"Now, Lawrence. However, you know I came up to look at the house, for I've been having my misgivings about that big room. And when I went in, I was dismayed. I paid out of this way, and paced it off that way, and thought about what I could put in the corners; and how that window with the sea view would be as good as a picture; and how the whole mantle-piece, from dado to cornice, with its white marble carvings and gilding and mirror, was a perfect illumination; and how I must confront it in that great square alcove with a mass of shadow; and we haven't a single thing to go there; and how magnificent an ebony and gold cabinet like that Mrs. Farnum and I have."

"And you are contented to leave it so?" says she.

"Well, I'm contented enough. This is, in general. But I do wish sometimes that Jim would go down to his work regular every day, with his tin pail, and his hand, like a miser, in his coat pocket, back at home, and have a big round sum of money in hand at once, instead of working just long enough to get some flour and fish and pork and potatoes and sugar, and then not so much as lifting his finger again till all that gives out; it's such a hand-to-mouth way of living," says I.

"And of course we can't get things together, such as a rocking-chair, and a sofa, and a good-sized looking-glass, and an eight-day clock. Not that I care much; only when a lady like you happens in I'd like to give her a seat and a sofa, and then a brooch. Now you don't believe it, but I've never owned a brooch."

"Kind of you, and cheerful for me."

"Oh, I didn't think anything about that part of it. Just fancy, I thought you were the most selfish man in the world; and I was the most unhappy woman; and all men were selfish and all women were slaves;—and that ebony and gold cabinet was obscuring my whole outlook on life. I felt so angry with you, and with fate, and with everything, that hot, scalding hot tears would have shaken down if you had happened to come just then. I'm so glad you didn't, Lawrence; I couldn't have spoken to save my life, and should have run directly out of the room for fear, if I did speak, I should say something horrid."

"Should you indeed? And do you imagine I shouldn't have followed?"

"Oh, I should have been running."

"And whose legs are longest?"

"With the best legs, I do with it."

Just then the whirling came up, and all the dust of the building, all the shavings and splinters and lime and sand about, seemed to right. At each of these places the door invariably stops and, standing on his hind legs, takes observations with as much apparent concern as his partner.

"When nothing else will move him, the sound of 'three distinct raps' (a policeman's call for help), will instantly rouse him from his hiding place; and on one such occasion, being fastened, he broke his chain and dragged the remnant of it after him to the scene of the difficulty, when it is needful to say he'd rendered effective service.

There are several business places on his beat where a light is left burning all night and where the police are on duty occasionally. He would look in to see that all was right. At each of these places the door invariably stops and, standing on his hind legs, takes observations with as much apparent concern as his partner!

For years it has been the habit of the policeman to duty to divide with him whatever they may have in the way of lunch. If by design or neglect a fair division of rations is omitted, he will promptly manifest his indignation by falling nearly a square to the right of the officer, which is done by the doggedly clinging to his coat.

"That was sensible."

"Thanks. And there she was, pots and pans about the door, and a hen just blowing in before me, and a parcel of dirty-faced, bare-footed children tumbling round. And such a place! I fairly made me low-spirited to look at it. I was in mortal fear of getting a grease spot on my dress. But I was in before I could see, and there was no help for it, and the wind was blowing so I had to stay."

"And the lady of the house read a lesson as fast as my feet could fly."

"I suppose so; for when I was out doors the boards of the scaffolding were pitch black, through the air at such a rate that I could not stay no go back; and the wind was blowing so hard just round the corner, and ran in."

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